

The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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APRIL 8, 1959

PRICE

9



MARILYN MONROE
impersonates
Hollywood's
most famous sirens
—Pages 8, 9, 10, and 11

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that's a Beauty soap, too!



Tact safeguards your
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Gentle, fragrant Tact makes perspiration odour a thing of the past. You see, Tact Deodorant Soap contains a great, new anti-odour discovery—miracle ingredient G11, known to science as hexachlorophene. And it's G11 which washes away up to 95% of the germs which actually cause perspiration to decompose, become offensive.

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TESTS TO WASH
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OF THE GERMS
WHICH ACTUALLY
CAUSE
PERSPIRATION
ODOUR AND
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BLEMISHES**

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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APRIL 8, 1959

Vol. 26, No. 44

Our cover

• The vitality and allure that have made Marilyn Monroe Hollywood's glamor symbol of the 1950s have been captured in color by New York photographer Richard Avedon.

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The Weekly Round

• By arrangement with "Life," we feature in this issue four pages of spectacularly beautiful color photographs of Marilyn Monroe as Hollywood's "Fabled Enchantresses."

THE photographs are a highlight of the special entertainment issue recently published by "Life."

They are photographs about which all America has been talking.

As soon as we saw them we decided no reader should miss them. We arranged to buy the right to reproduce them, together with Arthur Miller's story, "My Wife Marilyn."

MRS. Palma Albani, of Mount Laramie, Queensland (story, page 7), is not the only claimant in Australia to the £30-million fortune made by Sicilian Giuseppe Privitera in Argentine oil and real estate.

Another is Italian-born laborer Carmello Privitera, of West Brunswick, Victoria, who claims that the multimillionaire was his father's cousin.

A report from London in January said that 27 of Giuseppe Privitera's proven heirs were waiting to share the fortune.

OUR Crozzle Contest, for which we announce the winner of the first £500 award on page 13, has prompted this verse from Mrs. J. Lefebvre, of Raglan St., Mosman, N.S.W.

Wherever we looked there were papers galore
Littering tables, the chairs, and the floor.
The house was in turmoil, a dreadful schlemmle
Because we were up to our eyes in a crozzle.

The joint still uncooked and the ironing not done,
As we'd crozzled and crozzled since twenty past one.
Then Father came home looking haggard and weary,
He'd spent all the day on a difficult query.

He stood in the doorway and gave us a glare
And then turned on his heel with a cry of despair.
He jumped in the car and went off to his mother,
But when he arrived there was met by his brother.
Who said, "It's no use, there'll be no tea tonight,
As Mum's doing crozzles, We won't get a bite."

NEXT WEEK

• A practical, nutritious four-week diet opens the second part of our 500-hint Beauty Book in our next issue. The diet is set out day-by-day—a choice of two basic breakfasts with a varied lunch and dinner to keep calorie consumption to 1200 a day.

Just squeeze it on!

Adorn
CREAM
HOME PERM
in a
handy tube



You can
Recap Tube
for future use
Comb through,
roll up, rinse.
Your hair perms
as it dries!
No drip! No mess!
No bother!



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say —
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are a safe and dependable laxative. Systems become sluggish and the accumulation of everyday poisons in the body often causes aches and pains, indigestion, Sick Headaches, Rheumatism and makes you tired and depressed. It's then you need the concentrated laxative, in Ford Pills that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you well in Nature's way.

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Wrinkles are riverbeds of dried cells, because the Plasma Colloids or water carriers of the skin have been dried out through harsh weather. You can bring life again to your skin by protecting it against sun, wind and the drying effect of powder. Before you make-up, smooth over the face, neck and hands with oil of ulan. This will nourish the skin at depth, and give it new life and a delightful dewy bloom.

... Margaret Merril.

**Speedy relief from
BACKACHE**

Does every move you make cause agonising backache? Do legs throb even after a short walk? Then lose no time in trying Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Lazy kidneys can cause leg-pains, aching joints, disturbed nights, rheumatic pain, headaches, etc., because they are neglecting their essential job of cleansing and purifying the blood. Doan's is a famous stimulant-diuretic, promoting healthy kidney action, which has brought relief to sufferers all over the world. No need to put up with discomfort—get DOAN'S today!

Sew it with
DEWHURST'S

SYLKO
MACHINE TWIST

OUR WOOL PARADES

● This superb Dior coat and two-piece dress ensemble is one of the 90 wonderful models to be shown in our International Wool Parades. These will be held throughout the Commonwealth in conjunction with David Jones' and the Myer Emporium. The Australian premiere will be held in Sydney on May 23.



"TROUVILLE" is the name Maison Dior called this two-piece dress - and - coat ensemble. The dress, in soft white wool, is embroidered with a red rose and is worn beneath a double-breasted coat designed to give the new "long look," typical of the current Dior line.

washing
gets clothes
clean all right,
but
Reckitt's Blue
keeps white
clothes
white.



NOW!
Specially
for your
washing
machine.

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Liquid
Blue**

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You get wholesome enjoyment from
each of the **FIVE** full-sized sticks

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Latex Foam Cushion relieves Callouses
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Dr. Scholl's SUPER-SOFT
BALL-O-FOOT CUSHION

These little miracle cushions will bring
you undreamed-of comfort. They provide soft
latex foam protection at the foot's most tender
spot. You can stand, walk, dance to your heart's content—free of pain,
callouses, burning at ball of foot. Loops over toe—no adhesive.
Only 5/9 pair, for Men and Women, at Chemists, Stores, Shoe Dealers,
Scholl Depots.



PRIZEWINNERS' SACRIFICES FOR THE MEN THEY LOVE

● Hundreds of letters flowed in when we asked readers
to write and tell us: "What sacrifice would you make—or
have you made—for the man you love?"

THE "Sacrifice Contest"—prompted by the decision of Sir Timothy Eden's daughter Amelia to wed an Italian fisherman—produced controversial replies.

In the first group were touching letters from women who had stuck to their husbands through adversity and illness, had given up homelands and families, had exchanged comfort for hardship—and had found love made it worth while.

The second group of letters came from women who claimed Amelia Eden's decision was no sacrifice, as people truly in love do not count the cost when it means being with the one they love.

Printed below are the prize-winning letters, which represent both these lines of thought.

£50 winner

THE first prize of £50 was awarded to "NO REGRETS" (name supplied), Brisbane.

Here is her letter:

"My dream marriage turned into a nightmare when my husband became an alcoholic, and for several terrible years my life was one of tremendous sacrifices.

"Our circumstances changed from secure middle-class to slums, from a comfortable financial position to dreariest poverty.

"We had to pawn everything of value. We lived without floor coverings, curtains, or sheets on the beds, and with the gas and electricity disconnected.

"The children's clothes were in rags. We lived on bread and dripping. There were violent brawls and frequent evictions.

"Finally I found a job, and each day left our four children at kindergarten. Within six months I went to hospital seriously ill.

"Then the unexpected miracle transformed our lives. My husband joined Alcoholics Anonymous. For months I was coldly disbelieving, but to my overwhelming joy he maintained his sobriety.

"Then the good years started, and we moved up in the world. Nobody could know the thrill of having the whole pay envelope when three-quarters formerly went on drink.

"Our chaotic home became a happy, loving home, with the children racing eagerly to meet their father instead of hanging back afraid.

"Yes, I made sacrifices for the man I love. For years perhaps it was out of pity, but I've reaped a rich reward. And words can never express how thankful I am to God and A.A. for the peace and wonderful happiness we have today."

OTHER prizes of £5 are awarded to the following entries:

"It is years since I had a home, since I cried as the furniture van took away the beds where my children had slept.

"The youngest child went to boarding-school. Relatives took the three others. The terrible parting came and went, for the awful decision had been made—I was going with my husband.

"That was the sacrifice I had to make—my home, my children, my garden, my dogs.

"Did I do the right thing? Time has proved I did.

"Soon we'll all be together again, with my husband cured, thanks to modern drugs.

"For once there was no cure for a leper."

ELIZABETH HARTLAND, Alphington, Vic.

"**WHEN** I was 19 and engaged to a young man who wasn't particularly well off I contracted polio.

"My fiancé kept insisting we be married, though my doctors had told him that at best I would only recover sufficiently to move round a little indoors with the help of a walking machine.

"I had to decide whether I had the right to marry.

"Most important was the fact that I could never have children. Then there were financial considerations—the cost of a companion to stay with me while he was at work, the need of a car or taxis to enable me to leave the house occasionally.

"My fiancé, in trying to provide these things, would have involved himself in financial obligations which might have taken a lifetime to meet.

"So I forced myself to convince him my feelings for him had changed, for I knew he

would never accept my true reasons for not marrying him.

"That was eight years ago. Sometimes from my viewpoint I can't help regretting my decision. From his viewpoint, never. He is now happily married with two little boys—and that makes my sacrifice seem worth while."

"MISS A.B." (name supplied), Vic.

"**THIS** is the story of my sacrifice for my man, the man I love.

"I first met him three years ago and I liked him straight away, though love didn't come until much later.

"We became engaged 12 months ago and, saving hard for our home, went out only one night a week.

"I'd never believed I could be so happy.

"Then he started mixing with the 'wrong sort of crowd,' and as a result is serving 12 months on a State Farm.

"It broke my heart. I can't help thinking I must have let him down somewhere.

"Now everyone seems against us and I live only for his letters and the day he will be released.

"I have all the faith in the world in him, and know with love and trust he will be all right.

"I only hope that society will accept him for what he really is and not condemn him for his past. Meanwhile, I save every penny I can for our home, and pray that we will find happiness together."

"WAITING" (name supplied), Vic.

"**I HAVE** made no 'sacrifice' for the man I love—nor shall I ever do so.

"For anything I do for him—or do without because of him—is not a sacrifice.

"When you love a man completely, you want to be with him, to bear his children, to share mutual friends,

to participate in his work and pastimes. You automatically comfort him, and try to strengthen him in adversity.

"You put your faith in him, love him always, and you create together an atmosphere of contentment, true understanding, and peace.

"If, in order to do these things, it's necessary to change your environment, alter your mode of living, give up your job, or manage on a lower income, you do it gladly.

"After all, why shouldn't you? Life without the man you love is an empty, meaningless thing.

"The joy of loving and being loved is everyone's heart's desire. The fortunate ones—the ones who find real love—make no sacrifices. They don't have to. They find the rainbow!"

MRS. I. K. BOOTH, Concord, N.S.W.

"**IN** May, 1940, after a five-day struggle, our country, Holland, was overrun and occupied by the Germans. Oh, how we hated them.

"Time passed by, and we got used to the sight of soldiers in grey-green uniforms and nailed boots.

"Meeting one of them in 1941 made me realise for the first time that they were human beings as we all are.

"Then he and his troop were sent to Russia, where, like the soldiers of Napoleon, they dug deep holes in the snow to survive the terrible winter battle before Moscow.

"My letters were a great help to him, and when he was wounded in 1942, as coincidence or fate willed, he came again to Holland—and to me.

"From that day on Daddy no longer spoke to me, because he hated the Germans too much, and friends turned their heads when we met.

"But Mummy was wonderful. She didn't scold or argue. She just told me there might be a lot of difficulties ahead.

"When we married in 1943 I left my country, my family, everything I loved, and went to live with my parents-in-law on their farm in East Germany, where I had a sweet baby daughter.

"But, fleeing before the Russian advance of 1945, I lost everything, including our beloved baby.

"After the war my husband came back, and we started again. At first we almost died from hunger and cold, but slowly life became better, and we had four kiddies.

"In 1957 we arrived in Australia, starting for the third time. Now life is good. Back home everything is all right again. They love me and my family and are happy to get news from us. As for us, we are happy together."

"MIGRANT" (name supplied), N.S.W.

WORKING WIVES

THE feature entitled "My Wife Works And I Hate It"—published in our issue of March 18—has aroused enormous interest.

We asked readers to write and tell us what they thought about it.

There was an immediate response and letters have poured in ever since. Some agree with the husband, some disagree. Many discuss thoughtfully the case for and against working wives.

Next week we will print a selection of the letters, which we think you'll find exceptionally interesting.

Show week...



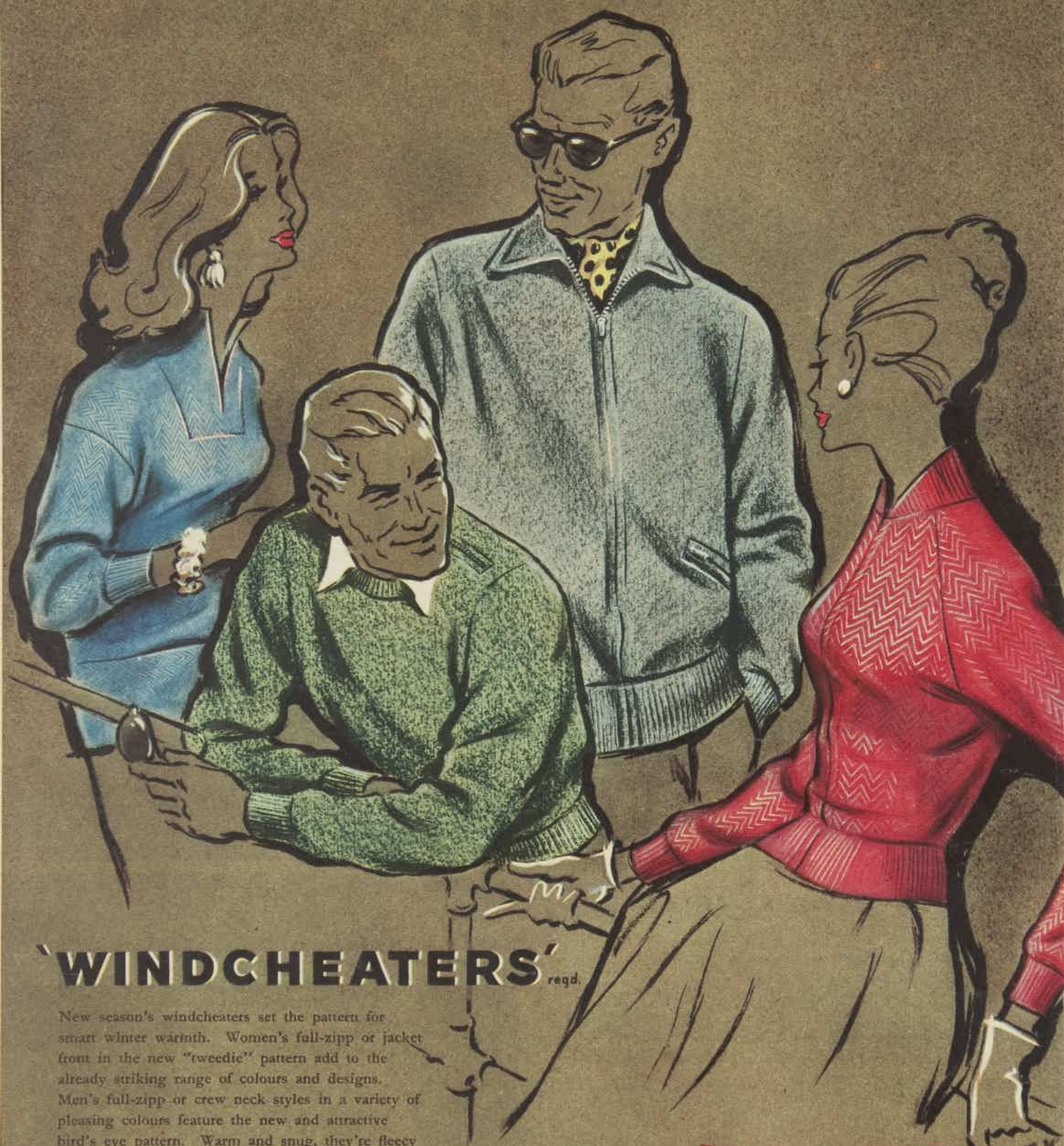
... the broad brims

THESE five bronzed men in broad-brimmed hats are typical of the country visitors who invade Sydney for the Royal Easter Show. Pictured looking at a possible blue-ribbon winner, they are (from left) Dick Davis, of Armidale, Robert Herbst, of Tarlee, South Australia, Peter Bernssen, of Wagga, John Butcher, of Orange, and Andrew Tanner, of Bowral. Their broad-brimmed hats are as much a "uniform" for the Australian farmer as the ten-gallon hats are for the Texan.

... and sample bags

THE Show is packed with fun and sample bags, but it also adds up to an exhausting day's outing. For instance, 18-month-old Pamela Williams, of Hurstville, N.S.W., found all the excitement a little too much—even though she went the easy way, in a stroller. And so, right in the midst of the hustle and bustle, almost buried under a mountain of sample bags, she settled down for a quiet doze.





'WINDCHEATERS' regd.

New season's windcheaters set the pattern for smart winter warmth. Women's full-zipp or jacket front in the new "tweedie" pattern add to the already striking range of colours and designs. Men's full-zipp or crew neck styles in a variety of pleasing colours feature the new and attractive bird's eye pattern. Warm and snug, they're fleecy lined and available everywhere.

Women's Prices - 47/6 to 49/6

Men's " - 42/6 to 59/6

Prices vary slightly in Queensland.

by

EXACTO



GUARANTEED BY THE MAKERS, DAVIES, COOP & CO. LIMITED

£30,000,000!

A Queensland pensioner who isn't interested in money may share in this vast fortune

By MARJORIE STAPLETON, staff reporter

IF Mrs. Palma Albani, of Mount Lacom, near Rockhampton, Queensland, can prove she is the sister-in-law of a Sicilian who rose from rags to riches, she stands to inherit a share in a £30,000,000 fortune.

But — believe it or not — she doesn't want the money!

The 65-year-old Mrs. Albani is so confident she is a relative that her blood-pressure has troubled her ever since she heard that a world-wide search was on to find heirs of Giuseppe Privitera.

Giuseppe is the man who left a poor Sicilian home in 1908 and found fame and immense fortune in the Argentine.

After amassing this fortune in an oil and real-estate business, he died in Buenos Aires in 1937.

Since then the executor of his will, Mr. Pietro Pappalardo, has been looking for heirs.

And, though a "reluctant heiress," Mrs. Albani is certain she is one of these heirs.

"Giuseppe Privitera was my brother-in-law," Mrs. Albani told me in "Shifting Heart" English, as she cooked fufu for lunch in her near fibro cottage.

"Course there's no doubt. You think I doan know my own family?"

Three husbands

She gave me a good-natured wink as she slapped a fish on its back and thrust breadcrumbs over it.

"Three husbands I have. This Giuseppe was the brother of my first husband — Salvatore Privitera."

"I remember Salvatore talk about Giuseppe going away to make his fortune."

"Do I want the money? No, I doan wanta da money. If I

get it, I give it to my children. Young people need money."

"But me? — all my life I work, work, work. I not need much money."

The fish was laid gently into a baking-dish, and Mrs. Albani poured garlic sauce round it. She talked away quietly as she worked.

"What I do with mucha money? I doan wanta be rich."

She put the fish into the oven. "A little, perhaps, would be nice. You lika da cup tea?"

I said I would like a cup of

hampton and 36 miles from Gladstone.

Ted took down all the details and filed them away in his cupboard — and in his memory.

It isn't necessary to describe Ted Aspinall, if you can think of Chips Rafferty in "Smiley" and turn him fair.

The police station is also straight from "Smiley."

"In a small township like this a policeman does a little bit of everything," Ted said.

"And he needs a good memory."



MRS. PALMA ALBANI, who may inherit a share of a £30,000,000 fortune amassed in the Argentine, with her husband, Angelo, a Swiss-born Italian.

tea, especially out of the sparkling clean teapot which my hostess took down from a spotless shelf.

She set out two fine china cups and some rainbow cake, and called my taxi-driver into her hospitable kitchen.

"Forty years I live here in Mount Lacom. Forty years I work hard. I reckon I get this money it finish me off."

She beckoned up to the window. "Cemetery not far from here. They won't have far to carry me."

"You doan believe me? Honest, I doan want to be rich. I let my children try for money. They can have it."

"I live on da pension."

It was her application for the pension which brought Mrs. Albani into the public eye.

When she turned 65 a few months ago she went along to Mt. Lacom Police Station.

There she handed over the necessary documents and naturalisation papers to Senior Constable E. J. (Ted) Aspinall, who looks after all such things — and much more — for the little township with its 350 residents, 50 miles from Rock-

"When I read in a cabled news item that Pietro Pappalardo was looking for relatives of Giuseppe Privitera, formerly of Catania, Sicily — well, the similarity of names made me take another look at the Albani pension application."

"There it was. Palma Pappalardo married Salvatore Privitera, in Catania, Sicily."

"Salvatore Privitera died of war wounds in 1919, and his widow came to Australia, bringing with her the two children of the marriage."

These two children are still in Queensland. One is now Mrs. Victoria Privitera Gerhardt, of Rockhampton, and the other Paul Privitera Rossi, of Gladstone. And both have children of their own.

But a lot of water rolled under an old British troopship before the young Sicilian war widow bundled those little children ashore in Australia in 1920 to seek a new life.

She borrowed the passage money from her sister, and says this is the only money she has ever borrowed.

The young widow was offered temporary work in

Mount Lacom and she is still there — 39 years later.

To care for her family she took on whatever peasant work was offering.

"I walka da roads, wheela da spring cart, sell vegetables," she told me.

Any odd job

"I milka da cows, garden, menda da fence. I do anything to bring in money to educate my children."

In Mount Lacom she met Mr. Rossi, who became her second husband, and whose name the Privitera children adopted. This marriage ended unhappily.

She later married blond, blue-eyed Swiss-border Italian Angelo Albani, who is her adoring husband today.

And while she cooks and cleans her pretty cottage, Mr. Albani, once a cane-cutter in Tully and Innisfail, does casual work to supplement her pension.

Solicitors in Gladstone and Rome are now working on Mrs. Albani's claim to riches, and she has told her son, Paul, and daughter, Victoria, to go ahead with their claims.

In favor of her chances are the following facts:

- Mrs. Albani has her Italian birth certificate — something which was very hard to obtain in those days — showing her family line.

- She also has the marriage announcements and photographs of her wedding to Salvatore Privitera, and his certificate of discharge from the Italian Army.

- Old family letters and newspaper clippings about the Pappalardo and Privitera families have been treasured carefully during Mrs. Albani's 40 years in Australia.

Old evidence

Her chocolate box full of souvenirs was the only connection she wanted to keep with her old home, Catania. She wrote no letters, became naturalised, and put the old life behind her.

On the pessimistic side are these factors:

- Privitera is a very common name in Sicily.
- Pappalardo is ditto.
- Catania is a big city.

It may be rather like looking for the heirs of a Robinson who married a Smith, of New-castle.

... Except that Mrs. Albani KNOWS they are related — and couldn't care less about money.

"I think there's every chance in the world they'll prove their kinship," Constable Aspinall told me.

"And I hope they do, because they're a hard-working, good-living family, exceptionally good citizens who deserve good fortune."



brings you window beauty inside and outside.

Here's the modern luxury look everyone wants in their new awnings. The "Mello-Lite" Aluminium roll-up awning is precision engineered to give you the utmost in year-round comfort, year-round convenience. So easy to operate you have seconds control of oceans of fresh air and sunlight, or matchless protection against glare and rain.

These wonderful awnings will add new zest to your home with gay and brilliant colours. They are bright yet lend a smart and dignified touch to any decorating theme.

FOR ALL WEATHER PROTECTION...

The "Mello-Lite" Middy is unequalled for protection over windows and doors against rain and storms. Consisting of two strong interlocking aluminium panels the "Middy" awning will not rattle in the strongest wind. They are particularly suited for southerly and easterly aspects.

Mello-Lite gives you venetians that "Wipe clean in a jiffy."

"Mello-lite" aluminium venetians are the first choice of leading architects for the finest buildings in Australia; that is why you should insist on "Mello-lite" for your home, where you must have the best. The double-coated mirror finish gives you laths that stay cleaner longer and reduce cleaning time to a minimum. Only "Shademaster" laths are used for "Mello-lite" — no other laths are silicone treated.

WIN A TRIP TO VENICE

Enter the Venetian Blind Manufacturers' Association competition. For details of entry see advertisements appearing in the "Australian Women's Weekly." The first prize is a holiday for two in Venice with first class travel by Lloyd Triestino. Second prize is a holiday for two at Surfers Paradise. Third prize is a colour photography outfit by Hanimes.

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☐ Mello-Lite Awnings ☐ Competition

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Address _____

W.W.14

Senior Constable Ted Aspinall, the Mount Lacom policeman who put Mrs. Palma Albani on the track of great fortune.

Fabled Enchantresses

Re-created by
**MARILYN
MONROE**

EVERY age produces an enchantress who embodies the fancies men dream by. In the Gay 'Nineties it was Lillian Russell, 160 opulent pounds of curvy womanhood. Then came Theda Bara, Clara Bow, Marlene Dietrich, and Jean Harlow. Heiress today of this fabled five is Marilyn Monroe. On these and following pages, in a stunning feat of re-creation, Marilyn impersonates her predecessors. The originals are shown at right. Marilyn's sensitive, funny, and loving impersonations photographed by Richard Avedon start below with a radiant replica of Lillian Russell, who personified the Gay 'Nineties with its 12-course supper parties and spins in the park on a gold-plated bicycle. Lillian married four times, lived on until the '20s, and died the wife of an ambassador of the United States.



Lillian Russell



Marlene Dietrich



Jean Harlow



Theda Bara



Clara Bow



Marilyn as Lillian Russell



...Marlene Dietrich

This is Marlene in the role that made her famous — the cabaret singer of "The Blue Angel" in 1930, the husky-voiced temptress with her fatalistic song, "Falling in Love Again." Marlene's legs and glamor still enable her to make £13,000 a week in nightclubs.



...Jean Harlow

JEAN HARLOW was a platinum blonde who played roles full of fun. She glued on her slinky white dresses and slept in an all-white bedroom with rugs to match her hair. A star at 19, she met untimely death at 26. This pose is the closest to photographic accuracy.



Theda Bara

Hollywood's first temptress and the original vampire was Theda Bara — and here is Marilyn Monroe as this most famous of all vamps. In "A Fool There Was" and 40 other films made between 1915 and 1921, Theda played the heartless siren who toys with her men, ruins them, and tosses them aside. Her greatest line of dialogue was, "Kiss me, my fool." As she fell into Theda's Cleopatra pose, Marilyn giggled and asked, "What am I supposed to be thinking of?"

MY WIFE MARILYN

— an affectionate tribute by
Arthur Miller

WHEN I heard that Marilyn was going to make a series of still pictures in the costumes of past movie stars, I wondered what she and photographer Richard Avedon hoped to demonstrate beyond the fact that she could be made up to look like other women. I went up to Avedon's studio one afternoon to have a look.

I found a girl sitting before a mirror in a wig and beaded dress, marking an absurdly arched bow on her lips. This much I expected. It was when she looked up at me and smiled that a certain expectation began to enter the situation, for she had an intensity in her eyes, a concentration that charged the air around her with its importance.

With the make-up artist standing by to offer advice, she returned to study the photograph of Clara Bow propped up under the mirror.

In the studio Avedon was dressing his set as ecstatically and nervously as a director about to bring a show into New York. His assistants had the same air about them, the air of people involved in a hit.

Marilyn came on to the set then, and a record player was started. Songs of the '20s burst forth. Marilyn aimed an experimental kick at a balloon on the floor. She said she was ready. Avedon yelled "Go!" and she pursed her mouth around her cigarette, kicked a balloon, shot the fan out forward—and she had made a world.

I suddenly saw her dancing on a table, a hundred Scott Fitzgeralds sitting all around her cheering, Pierce-Arrow cars waiting outside, a real orchestra on the stand, the Marines in Nicaragua. We all found ourselves laughing.

Her miraculous sense of sheer play

had been unloosed. Suddenly she was all angles, suddenly the wig had become her own hair and the costume her own dress. Her ebullience, her sauciness was not of our time, and yet we were not laughing because she was making fun of something old-fashioned.

I think it was the laughter of recognition; we knew she had hit the nail on the head, the exact combination of innocence and cunning, the sweet wit that used to accompany a girl's rebellion 30 years ago, a rebellion which, unlike that of our day, seemed to have had no horrifying and psychiatric implications and was only a lot of fun.

Before my eyes she had resurrected not a woman so much as a spirit, the spirit of an age. In the same way it seems to me she has resurrected the spirit of other ages: Lillian Russell's full-blown daintiness and dignity in tights; the essence of a rather elegant sentimentalism; Theda Bara's pouncing aggressiveness, concocted by men in Hollywood, perhaps as an exaggerated reaction to the so-called liberation of women that occurred around World War I; Marlene Dietrich's world-weary intensity of the '30s, revealed in a smoke-filled German cabaret.

As different as they are, these stars share one quality. Each created a unique, original impression, a sharp, personal stamp. In our time Marilyn is their heiress. The picture on the right of the opposite page is an attempt to portray her as "herself" and it succeeds as much as any single picture can.

For in anything she does she is "herself," whether playing with the dog, redoing the cleaning woman's hair,

emerging from the ocean after a swim, or bursting into the house full of news. Her beauty shines because her spirit is forever showing itself.

It is a spirit made of many qualities, but two animate these photographs most clearly to me. One is the spontaneous joy she takes in anything a child does; the other is her quick sympathy and respect for old people, for whatever has endured.

Perhaps of all her qualities these have done most to transform the present pictures from what might have been only a stunt into a human statement. The child in her has caught the fun and the promise, and the old person in her the mortality, of what after all were some of the most powerful images of our most popular art.

The closest to literal photographic accuracy, I think, is the Harlow photograph. Actually, however, Marilyn looks no more like Harlow in life than any of the others who are her models here. But, as Harlow, Marilyn's comment is not made so much by wit as by her deep sympathy for that actress' tragic life. There is a gallantry, I think, in this photograph.

These pictures in series are a kind of history of our mass fantasy, as far as seductresses are concerned. Archaic and distant as they are today, there is still a certain air of seriousness about them.

It would have been quite simple to have portrayed them ludicrously, but by her magical power of sympathy I believe Marilyn has identified herself with what surely was naive in these women, what to them in their moment was genuine lure and sexual truth. So that while we must smile at some of the costumes and postures, it is possible in these pictures to understand how these women could once draw millions of people to see them and dream of them.



THE REAL Marilyn is a loving wife who likes nothing better than a gay night out with her husband, playwright Arthur Miller.



Clara Bow

Clara Bow was the heady excitement of 1927 and the jazz age. She epitomised the Charleston girls, flappers of the era. She had "It" — the word for sex appeal plus. In 1931 she married Rex Bell, who became Lieut.-Governor of Nevada.

and Marilyn herself

... merry, slinky, seductive, and as enchanting as any of the great figures she has portrayed, resumes her own high-styled personality.



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IF Weekly

A machine breathed — and a boy lived

● A team of nearly 60—doctors, nurses, technicians, blood donors, and others—co-operated recently to save the life of eight-year-old Alan Kemp, of the Sydney suburb of Guildford.

● Alan, with a hole in his heart since birth, could never have reached manhood without open-heart surgery and the aid of the Mark Heart-Lung Machine.

● This is the story of Alan's operation—of the incredible machine and the life-giving surgery. It is a story of military-type planning and organisation, and of the devotion of the many people who make possible the survival of patients like Alan.

By **RONALD McKIE**

WHEN small, sandy-haired Alan was admitted to the Hallstrom Institute of Cardiology at Sydney's Royal Prince Alfred Hospital he had a hole the size of sixpence in his heart.

The hole, between the two ventricles, or pumping chambers of the heart, had been there since birth. The boy would die, probably before he became a man, unless it was closed.

But before his heart could be opened and the hole stitched with silk thread, doctors had to confirm the original diagnosis and decide whether the operation could be performed.

For ten days Alan was examined, tested, studied, prepared.

Apart from routine medical examinations, he was X-rayed, blood counts were taken, and the performance of his heart studied on the wave-like recordings of the electro-cardiograph machine.

His adenoids had already been removed, to make sure his air passage would be clear during and after the operation, and to counter risk of infection his nose and throat were swabbed, his ears, eyes, and teeth examined.

Then, after 12 doctors—physicians, surgeons, cardiologists, anaesthetists, and others—had decided that his operation could be performed, his direct preparation for the operation began.

Special diet

Alan was fed a salt-reduced diet to relieve extra strain on his heart and given digitalis as a heart tonic.

A physiotherapist gave him breathing and coughing exercises, for after painful operations like these the risk of respiratory infection is increased if the patient breathes shallowly and does not cough and bring up sputum.

The physiotherapist not only taught Alan to breathe and cough correctly but, equally important, won his confidence so that he would follow her instructions in the post-operative period.

The operation was performed on a Tuesday, but on the previous Thursday the Institute alerted the Red Cross Blood

Transfusion Service and sent them a sample of Alan's blood and his blood group—B Positive—which, though not rare, is found only in nine per cent. of the Australian population.

The B.T.S. immediately asked ten donors of Alan's group to report the next morning, Friday, when three sisters took blood samples for testing.

On the Monday, after the blood had been allowed to stand and separate over the weekend into its red cells and colorless serum, a B.T.S. doctor performed 121 cross-matching tests to make certain that Alan's blood and the blood of the donors matched in every way.

Blood reserve

That same evening six pints of Alan's blood group—not from the donors but from normal B.T.S. stock—were sent to R.P.A. Hospital, where the blood was cross-matched with his blood.

This blood was then held in reserve to replace any blood lost by Alan during the operation.

The same evening the senior anaesthetist gave Alan antibiotics to protect him against infection before, during, and after the operation, and sedatives so that he would have a full night's rest.

Finally after ten days Alan was ready for what is called open-heart surgery with the Mark Heart-Lung Machine.

Then—Tuesday:

6 a.m.: Alan is given a small glass of orange juice.

7.00: His parents see him, stay half an hour.

8.00: He is given more antibiotic, more sedative.

8.30: The senior anaesthetist checks his temperature, pulse, respiration, general condition.

9.00: The theatre orderly who has already checked that everything needed is in the theatre, brings Alan to the anaesthetic room beside the theatre.

The day before a haematologist (expert on blood) had measured the exact amount of blood in Alan's body—nearly four pints—but now Alan is weighed and measured and from these figures the

speed and the volume of his blood flow are calculated.

Rate of blood flow must be accurately known so that the Heart-Lung Machine can be run at the same rate.

While Alan is being weighed, the original ten cross-matched donors, who have been telephoned at their homes two hours earlier, are bled at the Red Cross B.T.S. in York Street.

Two sisters, seven assistants, a girl technician, and a supervising doctor are involved in this.

The blood goes into pint bottles which contain heparin (prevents clotting), and then, as each bottle is sealed, a label and a certificate of cross-matching are stuck to it.

A driver, specially held for the job, leaves B.T.S. at 9.30 a.m. and reaches R.P.A. Hospital at 9.45 a.m. She is met by a hospital orderly who takes the ten bottles of blood direct to the operating-theatre.

For open-heart operations blood must be as fresh as possible, for in the Heart-Lung Machine, which is not as efficient as human organs, the red cells of the blood are damaged, and this damage increases with the age of the blood.

Vein injection

9.10: The senior anaesthetist puts Alan to sleep. He gives pentothal anaesthetic, plus muscle relaxants, through a glucose drip into one of the veins in Alan's right arm.

A breathing tube, for use before and after the Heart-Lung Machine takes over Alan's respiration, is passed into the trachea through the larynx.

9.20: A needle is put into the artery of Alan's right leg and through the needle goes a tiny plastic tube. The needle is withdrawn, but the tube, which is linked to an electronic apparatus which measures blood pressure during the operation, is left in the artery.

An electric thermometer is put down Alan's gullet and secured.

The down on his chest is shaved and his chest cleaned.

9.30: Alan is wheeled into the theatre and put on the table.

Fifteen people are in the theatre—three surgeons for the operation itself, two surgeons and a technician at the Heart-Lung Machine, two anaesthetists, one cardiologist, and a technician to watch his recording equipment, two theatre sisters and two nurses, and one biochemist, who will be in and out during the operation getting blood samples for analysis.

Chest opened

The cardiologist, who will also monitor arterial and venous pressure, clips the leads from the electro-cardiograph on to Alan's wrists and ankles and the technician signals that the machine has begun to record.

9.45: One of the two senior surgeons opens Alan's chest, blood vessels are clamped, rib-spreaders are put on.

The surgeon slits the envelope of whitish tissue which surrounds the heart and exposes the pulsing, bluish-purple heart.

The other senior surgeon injects Alan with anticoagulant, and puts plastic tubes into the two main veins of the heart—the venae cavae—and a metal tube into the artery in the left groin.

10.30: The ten pints of fresh blood, delivered from B.T.S., are poured into the Heart-Lung Machine. This quantity exactly fills it. The machine had been cleaned and sterilised the day before—a full day's work for two technicians—and checked by the hospital engineer.

After the machine is filled, oxygen and carbon-dioxide are run from cylinders into its lung section.

The machine is ready.

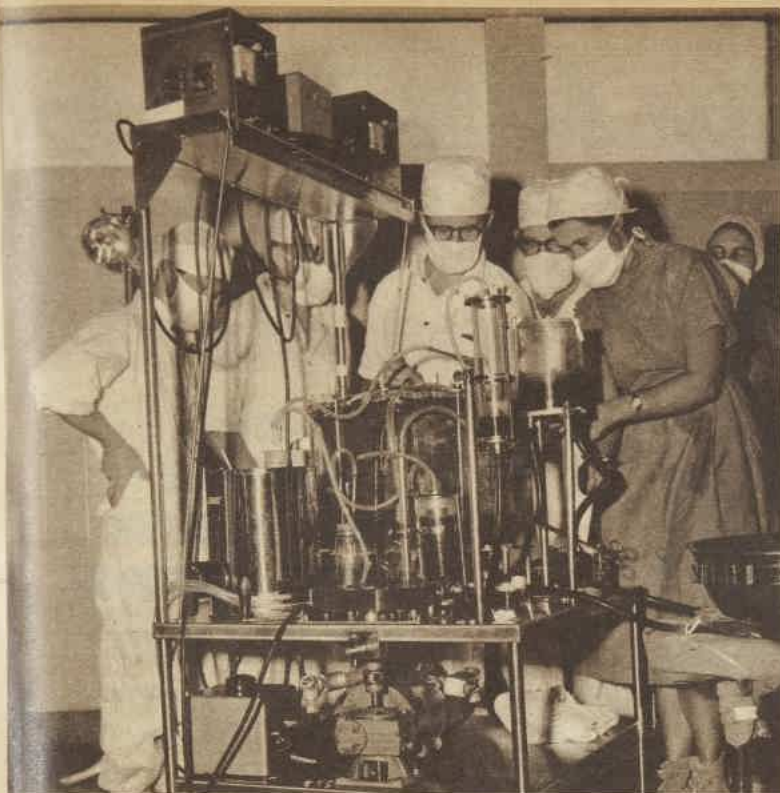
10.45: The machine is connected to the plastic tubes in the main veins of Alan's heart and the metal tube in his groin. The machine is switched on.

Within two minutes it takes over Alan's circulation and respiration. It sucks blood from the great veins and pumps it to the body through the groin artery.

10.50: The anaesthetist gives Alan more pentothal, more curare to relax his muscles.

10.52: To keep the heart free

Sixty people worked to make open-heart operation a success



MARK HEART-LUNG MACHINE, photographed in the theatre during the operation.

of blood during the operations, clamps are put on the blood vessels through which blood normally returns to the heart.

10.55: Alan's pulsing heart is injected with potassium citrate. This has a chemical action on the heart muscle and prevents it contracting.

As the drug goes in the heart falters and a monitoring doctor calls "Marked widening of the QRS complexes . . . considerable bradycardia . . . all electrical activity has ceased."

As the heart stops, the aorta, or main vessel for blood leaving the heart, is clamped.

His heart still, his circulation and respiration artificially controlled, Alan's life now depends on the machine and the surgeons.

Heart slit

For the next 40 minutes the only sounds in the theatre are the soft rhythmic pumping of the machine, the click of instruments, murmured orders and comments from the surgeons, the voice of the monitor. "Arterial pressure mean of seventy . . . Venous pressure mean of ten," as he calls the pressures every few minutes.

11.00: A surgeon slits open the heart, inserts a finger, and feels. Then he stands back and the other surgeons examine the heart.

"High up," the first surgeon says, "under the aortic valve. About the size of sixpence."

The other nods agreement. "We'll go ahead."

Five separate stitches draw the hole in Alan's heart together. The surgeon stitches with a curved needle that has no eye. The silk thread is crimped, during manufacture, not in the theatre, into the hollow head of the needle.

The surgeon has to be extremely careful that he does not stitch through a bundle of special nerve fibres which

control the beat of a human heart.

During this period, and right through the operation, all blood lost by the patient, even the smallest smear, is weighed and the machine adjusted to allow for this loss.

The weight of every swab used during the operation is known, so that the weight of the blood lost is the difference between the weight of the fresh and soiled swabs.

11.35: The heart is closed and blood is now allowed to flow through the coronary arteries of Alan's heart.

This blood washes away the potassium citrate which originally stopped the heart beating. As the citrate is washed out the heart begins to writhe, then to pulse. Within two minutes it is beating normally again.

In the next ten minutes, as the Heart-Lung Machine is slowed down, normal circulation and respiration are gradually restored. Finally, the machine is stopped and disconnected.

An antidote is given to the anti-coagulant in Alan's blood, the tubes are removed from the main veins of the heart and the groin, the wounds are stitched, and the chest is closed.

Safety wire

But tubes are left in the chest to allow any free blood to ooze out, and a wire which can be removed later is left connected to the heart so that artificial electrical stimulation of the heart can be given in the immediate post-operative period if the heart shows any grave irregularity or weakness.

12.45 p.m.: Before Alan is again weighed, to recheck the blood volume in his body, other tubes are removed and the leads from the electro-cardiograph are taken off his wrist and ankles.



THREE WEEKS AFTER THE CRUCIAL OPERATION Alan Kemp said he was nearly ready to put on the boxing gloves "and floor Dad," a Railways Department fitter. Alan, youngest of three sons, is shown here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kemp, of Bangor Street, Guildford, N.S.W.

12.55: The operation is finished, and three hours 45 minutes after Alan was put to sleep, he is showing the first signs of regaining consciousness.

After his operation Alan was kept in a special room for 24 hours. He was watched all the time by a nurse and a doctor, and the surgeons who performed his operation saw him every couple of hours.

His recovery was so uncomplicated and rapid that three weeks after the operation he was allowed to leave hospital.

Alan, his congenital heart defect cured, will become a normal healthy boy who will grow to healthy manhood.

But Alan would have died without this operation, without the help of the Heart-Lung Machine, without the superb human co-operation of the team of devoted men and women — nearly 60 of them — who made his survival possible.

FIRST CROZZLE WINNER

WINNER of £500 for the best entry for CROZZLE No. 1 is Mr. I. R. Coto, 86 Clyde St., Box Hill North, Vic

Mr. Coto's clever and carefully thought out entry is reproduced at right.

The grand total of 344 made it a clear winner from three other entries with the next highest totals of 339 each.

Many readers wrote to tell us how much they enjoyed "Crozzling".

"How could you, at a busy time like this, pander to my tastes with this marvellous time-waster?" one wrote.

"Gone went my good intentions of an orgy of bean-bottling. Instead, I had a wonderful wasted weekend of Crozzle-building."

The name of CROZZLE No. 2 winner will be published in next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

T	E	X	A	S	C	O	O	M	A
R	B	O	S	S	A	B	R	I	
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13, 54, 26, 16, 8, 12, 21, 7

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WONDERFUL GIFTS FOR MOTHER'S DAY – 10TH MAY

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

IT'S been a marvellous Easter Week in Sydney—the Show by day or the Autumn Races at Randwick, parties and dances every night, and lots of new faces with all those visitors down from the bush and from interstate for the festivities.

Big attraction at the Show was the polo—the New Zealand team playing brilliantly. And one of the distinguished visitors to the ground was Princess Alice, who paid a quick visit with Lady Slim.

The Autumn Racing Carnival got off to a flying start on Saturday, with the feminine fashion parade as head-turning as ever before.

And I hope I've got a list of winners for the Ladies' Day twilight meeting at Randwick.

JANICE HALL has decided on April 4 for her wedding to Peter Breslin in the chapel of Peter's old school, Riverview. Janice is the daughter of the John Halls, of Waverton, and Peter is the third son of Dr. and Mrs. Frank Breslin, of Lane Cove. And another "old boy" will be married at Riverview on April 2: Dr. Laurie Coy, of Lane Cove, to Elizabeth Hansen, of Vaucluse.

MET a charming American visitor last week—Mrs. Alvin K. Aurell, of Wilton, Connecticut, who was in Sydney with her businessman husband. She's taking home a cute souvenir for one of her three charm bracelets—a tiny gold koala. After a whirlwind visit to Melbourne, the Aurells are off home via the East.

MUST remember to keep April 4 free—I want to take in the Sydney University Players' production of that restoration comedy "The Country Wife."

EVERYBODY had such a wonderful time at the Bachelors and Spinners' first dance that the committee is already planning another. This time it'll be a dinner-dance at Prunier's After Nine on April 7. Once again the proceeds will aid the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children. See you there.

Anne



PRESIDENT of the Broadbrimmers' Ball committee, Penelope Breakell (left), Tony Laurie, of Armidale, and Mary Barbour watch Richard Warren fix one of the decorations at the dance. Proceeds of the dance, held at the Trocadero, will aid the Far West Children's Home at Manly and the Royal Flying Doctor Service.



NEWLYWEDS Lieut. and Mrs. Mark Clark leave St. Martin's, Killara. The bride was formerly Sally Davies, of Surrey, England—she met Mark when he was in England on exchange with the Royal Navy. Mark is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. George Clark, of Killara.



ABOVE: Sitting out between dances are Steve Rowntree (back left), Robin Tovey, Scot Jolley, and (in front) Caroline Anderson, of Sutton Forest, and Ann Binnie, of Singleton. They were among the 170 young guests at the Easter Week dance given by Barbara Brown, Josephine Cullis-Hill, Prudence Ryrie, and Jennifer Parsons at the Pickwick Club. **AT LEFT:** Fruit punch for Susan Holliday, of Scone, served by Alister Widdis, of Willow Tree, at this young people's dance.



COUNTRY GUESTS (from left) Angus Munro, of Merriwa, Fiona Reid, of Yass, Jillian Litchfield, of Cooma, and Andrew Laurie, of Walcha, at the Broadbrimmers' Ball.



AT RIGHT: Knox O'Neill (left), Barbara Oates, Jill Williams, and David Clements at the Town and Country Ball, which was held at Princes to aid the Smith Family.

TO MAKE FROM A PATTERN

5177. — Glamorous Empire-line party dress (left). Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material; 1½yds. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.



• The seven designs on these two pages are styled with the season's newest silhouettes. Each pattern includes a step-by-step instruction chart. Patterns may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Address mail orders, including those from Tasmania, to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders will be accepted.



5173. — Smart suit and printed blouse (left). Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material and 2yds. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6.



5176. — Empire-line dress (above). Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.



Seven designs for autumn-into-winter



5174. — Two-piece suit (above) features a short-cut jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Pattern price 4/6.



5175. — Slim dress and matching jacket (right). Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6.



5178. — American-styled shirt blouse (above left). Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material and 4½yds. edging. Price 2/6.

5179. — Trimly tailored skirt with a button trim (left). Sizes 24½ to 30in. waist. Requires 1½yds. 54in. material. Price 2/6.





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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

Migrants have given their lives

SINCE the end of the war, migrant labor has played a huge role in the development of Australia. On many big construction jobs—for example the Snowy Hydro-electric Scheme—New Australians have formed a high proportion of the number of workmen employed. Some have been killed on this and similar jobs. I suggest that the Commonwealth Government erect an appropriate memorial to the men. It would be a fitting tribute not only to the dead but to the contribution which New Australians are making to the building of Australia.

£1/1/- to Mr. Clive Chapell, Bowen Hills, Qld.

Lean budget

IN reply to "Home Economist" (11/3/59) whose husband thinks £7 a week is enough for a family of seven to live on: I did it for six months, but no one can do it for long. Milk and rent were free, and we killed a calf once when things were insupportable. Growing our own vegetables was out—no water. We ate fruit, perhaps twice in the six months. We swapped corn for three hens, and had about 12 eggs a week. Butcher (special at weekends), £1/5/-; baker (seven loaves a week), 12/-; groceries, £2/10/-; bus fares to school for older children, £1; electricity, 13/4. That is £6/0/4, leaving 19/8 for everything else. I clothed the entire family on £27-a-quarter child endowment. No one can do this for long—clothes or teeth or health will suffer. See a magistrate.

"Home Economist," if your husband won't see reason.
£1/1/- to Katy Brogan, Caparra, N.S.W.

"HOME ECONOMIST" should say quietly to her husband—"Well, dear, I'm finding it a little hard to manage. Perhaps you could help me for a month by doing the buying and keeping a close watch on the money for me." With food and clothes the prices they are, it is hard to manage, but the one not doing the buying might not understand how hard it is to make ends meet.

£1/1/- to "Budget Happy" (name supplied), Clayton, Vic.

Oh, no, John!

I WONDER why the word "spinster" sounds so much more unpleasant than "bachelor." People feel much more sorry for the spinster, but she might have had the sense to turn down numerous proposals because she was not sure enough of her love. Who knows how many times the

bachelor has had "No" for an answer to his proposals?

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Schuman, Chatswood, N.S.W.

Dental bills

AS the mother of school-age children I am amazed that there is no national dental benefits scheme in this country, similar to our medical scheme. The dentists should themselves organise a scheme whereby a small weekly payment could help, even partly, towards that dental account that every parent dreads.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Hayes, Parkdale, Vic.

Cut the coppers

THE weight of pennies and halfpennies that accumulate in a purse becomes a nuisance to the shopper when the coins are of so little value with the present-day high cost of living. If our copper coinage were reduced in size it would be a boon to all who handle it.

£1/1/- to Miss H. Mackay, Geelong, Vic.

FAMILY AFFAIRS

Sands of time for hot showers

CONSIDERATION for the other members of our family of six has been made easier by an old-fashioned gadget in our bathroom. A four-minute egg-timer hanging on a nail opposite the shower recess is a reminder to the "shower-dawdler" not to use too much of our limited hot-water supply. As the sand runs out the person is urged to greater speed.

£1/1/- to Miss R. Elliott, Blackburn, Vic.

Bumble foot

THE extreme awkwardness of my young daughter caused

the whole family much concern. Hardly a meal passed without a glass or a cup being knocked over. She fell over things and bumped into things. Medical tests proved that her eyesight was all right, and there was no apparent physical cause for her awkwardness. Then I arranged for her to learn classical ballet. Although she attended lessons for less than a year the results were remarkable. She learned to control her hands and feet, now walks very gracefully, and has overcome her self-consciousness which appeared to be all the trouble.

£1/1/- to "Ballerina" (name supplied), Narwee, N.S.W.

Follow the recipe

MRS. JARVIS' idea (11/3/59) that domestic science should be introduced for boys in Australian schools is ridiculous. The responsibility of cooking for a family is the duty of a woman—a duty of which she can be proud. To give this job to a man would be degrading. Our boys will one day be holding good positions and will have wives and children dependent on them. What is learning domestic science going to do for them? If it is imperative sometime in their life to learn to cook, there are recipe books.

£1/1/- to "Disgusted" (name supplied) Middle Cove, N.S.W.

Don't mention it

WHY do we women draw attention to the very things we wish to avoid? When visitors call unexpectedly we are apt to say: "Don't look at the dead flowers; I was just going to replace them..." Don't look at the fireplace; I was just going to clean it... I haven't got round to making the beds yet." Left unsaid, these waiting chores would pass unnoticed.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. Walkenden, Bendigo, Vic.

Far West thanks

I WANT to thank the hundreds of thoughtful people from all over Australia who have sent clothes to me for the children at the Far West Home as a result of my appeal in The Australian Women's Weekly. I was overwhelmed by the generosity, and, as my appeal was a one-person campaign, I have found that the mending is rather more than I can cope with. If any further donations could be sent to the Home, 25 Wentworth Street, Manly, rather than to me, I should be very grateful. Sent in by Miss M. N. Robertson, Balgowlah Heights, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

IN THE MIRROR

IT was one of those lifts with a mirror on the wall.

A young chap of about 17 got in at the second floor.

He looked at himself in the mirror. He took a comb from his pocket and combed his hair lovingly before getting out.

That boy, I could see, was one of the people mirrors are made for. He was a satisfied customer.

I used to be one myself, a good while ago.

My main mirror-gazing sessions were in my bedroom.

After staring at myself in the mirror on the chest of drawers, I would hold up the shaving mirror and stare at the reflection of my reflection.

In this way I was able to see my profile. With a bit of effort I could get a glimpse of the back of my neck.

You have to be very interested in yourself to want to see the back of your neck.

What was I looking for?

I hoped to find evidence, however slight, of romantic qualities that would make me fascinating to women, or forceful qualities that would make me a leader of men.

On good days I thought I could see them, especially in the late afternoon. The back of my neck looked its best at dusk in the shaving mirror.

But there were other times when I was disappointed in what I saw. I could not imagine Ginger Rogers giving my profile a second glance, or Imperial Chemical Industries considering me for the job of managing director.

As the years passed I became bored with that familiar face in the mirror.

Sometimes I hated it. After a party, I noticed, the nose swelled up and the eyes shrank until they nearly disappeared.

I'll tell you a curious thing. The

less interested I was in mirrors the more interested I was in money.

Buying a pram, a fridge, a house—those were the things I thought about.

I paid no more attention to the back of my neck. I suppose I was letting myself go.

Nowadays I try not to look in mirrors except when I have to, to brush my hair or something.

Occasionally in cafes I come across one of those trick mirrors that give you a suntan. Otherwise it is more comfortable to avert the eyes.

And yet, if there is a mirror in the room, some horrible fascination usually makes me look into it, like the Lady of Shalott.

For this reason I think mirrors should have curtains over them.

Those who think they are worth seeing could have a look, and leave the rest of us in peace.

It is no pleasure to ask: "Mirror, mirror on the wall, Who is the most pie-faced of all?"



Consolation Prize

A romantic story by
Australian author
PATRICIA CARLON

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

THE compere was talking earnestly of soup—Townley's Tested Soups, which were apparently guaranteed to do everything except make an Egyptian mummy get up and walk. The studio audience bore it meekly, their avid gazes riveted on the line of human sacrifices seated stiffly at the back of the stage.

In a few minutes, the audience knew, the people seated there would be torn to pieces—mentally—by the soup-praising compere. If they survived, their rewards would be great. If they didn't, they would still get a prize, for this was Townley's "A Prize For All" quiz show.

In one of the hard chairs, trying not to look at the audience, sat Laurence Gredden, waiting for a chance to win a hundred pounds for Emmaline's insides.

She'd collapsed nearly three weeks ago in the middle of Main Street, a pathetic red heap that had snarled up all the traffic for blocks. Laurence had accompanied her to the garage, where a mechanic had poked at her brutally and snarled: "Where did you get her? Out of the Ark? She'll cost you a fortune to fix, chum."

Laurence had debated the matter carefully. He was fond of Emmaline, but she wasn't strictly necessary to his life. Besides, she cost a lot to keep running. Ruefully he'd decided he didn't feel justified in spending so much on having her fixed. And then he had seen Townley's advertisements.

He'd sent in an application without time for close thought. Only now did he take time to wonder if he was crazy. Still, there'd be no harm done, he reflected. If he won, Emmaline could take on a new lease of life. If he lost, he'd still win a consolation prize.

It was that fact that nagged at him, though. There was a trick to the consolation prizes, as he'd discovered by listening in to the show during the past few weeks. Contestants had to follow the conditions of their consolation prize or they lost the prizes and had to forfeit twenty pounds into the bargain.

Two weeks before a man had won a pair of trousers, with the condition he turn pavement artist for a day. The fellow had done it, Laurence remembered, and had been interviewed on his experiences the following week. Grimly Laurence wondered what would happen if he had to turn pavement artist—probably the police would arrest him for loitering with intent to cause grave distress to passers-by.

The thought made him smile—till he caught the cold blue eye of a woman in the front row. Laurence gulped. The eye was clearly waiting to see him slaughtered, when its owner would laugh the string bag right off her knee.

Laurence shuddered, turning away, wondering what she was thinking about him.

The mind behind the cold blue eye was actually thinking that Laurence wouldn't last long. The fat lady was used to quizzes and contestants. The young man was too nervous, in her opinion—his long face was pale, and he kept smoothing his reddish hair and pulling at his tie and twining his long, lanky legs round his chair. He looked, she thought almost angrily, as though he'd starved himself for a week out of sheer nervousness.

Laurence was remembering that the previous week a woman had won . . . what had she won? A carper-sweeper or something. Provided she lost four pounds in a week. She'd lost five actually, and had giggled over her interview, saying that the loss of five pounds in weight was better than a loss of £20.

He became acutely conscious that the show had started. An intelligent-looking brunette was being asked to name the principal rivers of America. Without pause for breath, she boomed out the answers, smiled smugly at the clapping



"You understand the girl you ask to the theatre must be a complete stranger, don't you?" Miss Leighton explained to Laurence.

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NEW!

Tek ANTI-GERM TOOTHBRUSH



WITH
BUILT-IN

"Germ-Killing"

ACTION

Here is a great new advance in mouth hygiene! . . . The tufts of new TEK Anti-Germ Toothbrushes are specially treated to kill germs. Not only germs that cling to the tufts after cleaning your teeth, but also germs that collect on the brush while it stands in the bathroom. And they remain active against these germs throughout their natural life. Insist on TEK—now, more than ever, the best toothbrush money can buy!

The best
toothbrush
money
can buy!

PRODUCE OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON PTY. LTD.

START THE WEEKEND WELL
WITH

WEEKEND



1/- FROM YOUR NEWSAGENT

Cone of Silence

Fourth instalment of
our exciting serial

By DAVID BEATY

ILLUSTRATED BY MAUDSON

"MIND if I stay up in front to watch the landing?" The three-hour flight from Ranjibad had gone perfectly well, perfectly smoothly. Though Gort had not said much—he never did on the flight deck—Judd had remained remarkably talkative and amiable; the conversation largely consisted of his (and the president's) plans to extend the Phoenix route eventually across the Pacific. Sitting in the second pilot's seat, not once had he criticised any action Gort had taken. Now, on the descent to Calcutta through rain-filled cloud, he took his eyes away from the dark windscreen and smiled at the Australian standing by the throttle-box. "Do!" he smiled cordially. "Good idea!" He turned to the navigator behind him. "Mr. Williams . . . would you please let Captain Braddock have your seat?"

Mr. Williams left the flight deck to join the first officer in the rest compartment. Braddock sat down. He glanced at the jet pipe temperatures: 550 degrees C., a little hotter than usual. Then he looked across at the needle of the radio compass, watched it wavering a little as it pointed at the beacon on which Gort was letting down.

They broke cloud at 2500 feet. There, over on the starboard bow, the light of the airport shone up at them muzzily through the rain. Over the R/T, the tower came up in sing-song Indian English: "Victor Mike . . . visibility two miles in rain . . . wind north-west seventeen . . . runway 33."

Judd said in what seemed to Braddock a warning kind of voice: "33's the short one."

"I know," said Gort.

"Ever landed on it before?"

"No."

"Wouldn't you prefer the long one?"

Gort shook his head. "Too much cross-wind."

"Runway 33's very short—"

Something in the way he said it made Braddock lean forward to get a better view of the flight captain's face. In the ghostly green light from the instruments, he saw the skin round Judd's eyes crinkle up in anxious concentration. His long fingers were drumming nervously on the control column in front of him.

It flashed through the Australian's mind that Judd was convinced Gort would overshoot on the short runway; his own small experience had already drilled into him how much faster than a piston-engined aircraft a jet landed, and how much longer after touchdown—without the drag of idling propellers—it took to slow up and stop.

"Only 1600 yards!" Judd went on. "Not long for a Phoenix!"

Gort banked the aircraft to the right. He seemed unconcerned. "With this wind . . . long enough," he said.

To Braddock, it seemed that Judd was on the point of continuing the argument. "I think—" he began. And then he stopped. He doesn't trust him, the Australian thought to himself, he's not certain what he should do.

Outside the jets whined. Raindrops were pattering softly against the windscreen.

"Field approach check," said Gort.

With an effort Judd seemed to put himself back under his usual iron control. "Well . . . O.K." He gave rather a mirthless laugh. "You're the captain," and he began rattling off the sixteen items in the check like a mechanical robot.

Four minutes later—wheels down, all checks complete, cleared final, cleared to land—from nine hundred feet they slowly descended in a straight line downwards. Three miles away, looking from this position inclined towards each other, runway 33's two lines of small yellow lights gave them a moist welcome.

"You're too high," Judd said. As usual for the second pilot, he had his hands on the throttle levers, ready to give the captain the power he called for. Now, as Braddock watched him, he started to draw them back. "How about 8000 r.p.m.?"

"8000 r.p.m.," Gort said.

IN spite of opposition, veteran pilot CAPTAIN GEORGE GORT has been retained on the Phoenix jet route, although he was blamed for a failure in take-off and a crash at the Ranjibad airfield. The fleet superintendent, EDWARD MANNINGHAM, is anxious for him to go on flying, because the service needs experienced pilots, and his decision is backed up by the AI pass given to him after a check flight by training captain HUGH DALLAS, who has aroused the enmity of Gort's daughter CHARLOTTE by his unfavorable evidence against her father at the inquiry. The Phoenix designer, NIGEL PICKERING, and FLIGHT-CAPTAIN JUDD are also opposed to Gort flying again, and Judd tells Dallas he intends to check Gort on the route. Before he can do this Gort more than justifies himself when he brings the jet through a terrific storm. Manningham, after receiving an account of this, tells the airways president that Gort should continue flying, but the president says to offer him a ground position as adviser on the Far Eastern route. To Manningham's surprise Gort rejects the offer, saying he prefers to be a pilot.

Dallas finds himself frustrated on two points—one is by the lack of jets to continue his training schedules and the other is by Charlotte's continued coldness towards him.

During Gort's next trip pretty JOYCE MITCHELL, the stewardess who is angry with Dallas for having rejected her advances, is one of the crew, also CAPTAIN BRADDOCK, the Australian pilot. At Ranjibad they are joined by Judd, who tells Gort he is route checking and that he will do the take-off from Ranjibad. NOW READ ON:

The Phoenix came lower. At 700 feet it began to be rougher. The wipers noisily fanned the rain away from the windscreen.

"You're too fast!" Braddock could see that Judd's hands on the throttles could hardly keep still; they were moving the levers back farther.

"7000 r.p.m.," Gort said.

"Still too high!" Judd's voice had gone quite shrill with irritation. "Runway's short . . . don't forget!"

But Gort did not call out for a reduction of power this time.

"Didn't you hear?" Judd demanded. His fidgeting hand found a moment's peace on the flap lever. "Shall I give you 80 per cent. flap?"

"Not yet," Gort said—but it was already down.

The Phoenix passed 500 feet, 400 feet. The runway lights slowly drew away from each other, became more and more parallel. Down here the wind was stronger. It was raining.

"Get your speed down!" Judd urged. "6000 . . . 6000!"

Gort said quietly, "6000 r.p.m." And then: "Landing lights on!"

Judd's left hand went to the switch. The waterlogged air in front of the windscreen suddenly seemed to catch fire. Shimmering wet, it glared back at them, molten and dazzling.

"I can't see!" Gort cried. "Switch 'em off!"

The air went dark again. The feeble runway lights came back into their own. The altimeter swung past 200 feet.

"7000 r.p.m.," Gort said.

"Increasing power, are you?"

"8000 r.p.m."

And then, seconds after the levers went forward, "9000 r.p.m.!"

As he put the power on, Judd warned, "Not so fast!"

The aircraft suddenly sank. Out of the darkness the runway seemed to rise up to meet them. The distance between the lights widened. Then the first two flashed by the wings.

The nose went up. Softly and gently the wheels touched. As they slowed down Judd said, "Nice landing! Bit low on the approach, though."

"From your running commentary," Gort said shortly. "I got the opposite idea. I was lower than usual . . . but we were all right."

They taxied to the ramp in silence. Gort shut down the engines. The passengers were taken off to the restaurant. Judd disappeared to hurry the ground crew with the refuelling.

Gort and Braddock were walking through the rain together, towards operations, when the flight captain caught them up. He held in his hand what looked like a bunch of grass. He waved it at them.

"We weren't all right! They found this stuff round the port wheel." In the bright neon lights of the ramp the Australian saw the concern on Judd's face. "Looks like we hit the hedge coming in!"

"Just a minute, Miss . . . Miss—"

Half-way through the wide doors of the dining-room she stopped, turned, smiled, said meekly, "Mitchell, Captain Judd. Joyce Mitchell."

"Yes, of course!" He put his hand up to his forehead.

"I'm afraid I've got a few things on my mind."

"A few things!" The indigo-blue eyes looked up at him—earnestly, sympathetically. "You must have lots and lots . . ."

They were westbound again now, in the Imperial Hotel at Ranjibad. Captain Gort's crew they still remained—on all the ship's papers, in chalk on all the boards along the route. But the route inspector was also with them—had made no effort to get off the aircraft at Singapore (as might have been expected) to check the operation of another crew. What his further intentions were—they were scheduled to take off

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for England tomorrow night—remained as mysterious as his future plans.

After the incident at Calcutta, there were several courtesies of action Judd might have taken. The most usual one would have been to wire all details to the management and suggest the suspension of Captain Gort. Or he might have taken over command himself.

But no! Immediately he had said his say, had produced his botanical bunch of evidence, he appeared to forget all about it. He suggested—in the interests of the fleet, no other reason—that Braddock should be given the maximum amount of flying practice possible. Would George mind?

Apparently he did not. Anyway, he said nothing against it. In fact, he hardly said anything to anyone. While Braddock and Judd sat up front doing the flying, Gort sat in the rest compartment: eating his meals, reading the "Calcutta Times," then the "Singapore Herald," talking to the first officer, or just staring out of the porthole. On the other hand, Judd, his fair head towering above the darker one of the stewardess, was in the limelight.

"I wouldn't say as many as that," he said. And then, eyes screwed up in that shrewd scrutiny of his: "We went out here before . . . didn't we?"

"Four months ago, Captain Judd. Four months . . . and two days."

"I remember. Well, we're going out again tonight."

"Good," she said. "That'll be lovely!"

"Meet here at eight sharp. Make yourself nice and pretty in a cocktail dress, eh?"

She went quite pink with pleasure.

"Got one with you, I suppose?"

"Oh yes! A black one. If we'll be dancing, I'll wear my shoes with the very—"

"No dancing," he said. "Unless Strickland wants to."

She paused. She faltered. "Strickland?" she asked.

"Boss of Sind Airways. On the brink of buying Phoenixes."

"Oh! Then you want me to—"

"Same set-up. You talk to Mrs. while I talk to Mr."

He showed his white teeth in a scimitar-shaped smile. "Last time . . . I remember . . . you did it rather well . . ."

This time she did it even better. Though there was a dance on the patio, wouldn't it be better, she had said—getting as reward the slightest nod of approval from Judd—to sit in the lounge bar where they could hear themselves talk? There, she had flashed at Mr. Strickland the correct wattage of wide-eyed admiration. Then she settled herself down, a martini in her hand, to listen—rapt—to Mrs. Strickland's conversation.

Just on eleven the Stricklands left, after effusive good-

byes. Judd seemed pleased. Very pleased. He ordered another round. "Just for the road." But when the drinks came, he put the glass in her hand and said, "Present for a good girl!" He leaned forward. "Went well . . . Joyce, isn't it? Thank you."

Slightly mocking: "A pleasure, Clive."

After the initial shock of surprise, Judd leaned forward even farther. He went so far as to smile. "You know, I've been thinking," he said, "you and I, we do these things rather well."

"I've been thinking that, too."

"Expect the crews take you out quite a bit?"

"Not much. You see"—perhaps it was an explanation, lest he got the wrong idea—"in Ranjibad and Singapore . . . usually there's so little time."

"But you have a good time down the route."

She pursed her bright red lips in an expression of thoughtful doubt. "Well—"

"Our crews have the best rooms in the best hotels."

"Oh, the rooms are all right."

"Legs aren't too long . . . are they?"

"Sometimes I think they're too short."

"You get enough rest . . . in between trips?" He went on with his questions, and then suddenly said, "Anyway, I expect you'll be getting married one day soon."

She blushed. The color flooded up her neck, into her face, making it even prettier than before.

"Oh I see! I see!" He was pleased with his own perspicacity. "So you're engaged already!"

"Oh! no! No! I'm not! Nothing like that!"

Such powerful denials only made him positive. "But you will be soon."

She said nothing. She had turned her face away from him now, was softly humming to herself the waltz they were dancing on the patio. Judd became conscious that they were the only people in the lounge, and quickly he said, "I'm sorry . . . but I'm not a dancing man."

"I don't want to dance." Her head had gone lower. He still could not see her face. Her voice went so low it was almost a whisper: "The last time I was here . . . we danced."

Puzzled, he said: "We?"

"Not you, Clive." He could hardly hear the next words: "I don't ever want to dance here again!"

"Oh," he said. "What's the matter with the place?"

"It isn't the place." Icily cold, she said, "It was the person."

"The person you were with?"

She nodded.

Holding what looked like a bunch of grass, Judd said to Gort and Braddock, "Looks like we hit the hedge coming in!"

"One of the crew?"

She nodded again.

"Pilot?"

"The captain. Captain Dallas."

"Oh . . . Hugh Dallas, eh?" He remembered now hearing some story of Dallas' name being linked with one of the stewardesses, but it had not made any special impact upon him. "You go out quite a lot with him, don't you?"

"I did . . . till that night."

"Oh." Obviously there'd been some trouble here. Dallas, apparently, had got under the net—and out. That was Dallas' business. He could not see that there was any connection with either himself or the Phoenix. He became rather uncomfortable. It was more than he had bargained for.

He pulled back his sleeve, and looked at his watch. Abruptly he said, "We better get mobile!"

She quickly picked up her almost untouched martini.

"No need to gulp it," he said.

And then he began again with, "But you're quite happy . . . flying on the Phoenixes, aren't you?"

She seemed more composed now. In a more normal voice she said, "Well . . . that rather depends on the captain."

He saw that she was trying to twist the conversation round a hundred and eighty degrees. Rather irritably, he kept them on the present course with, "I mean in the air."

"I mean in the air, too."

Even more irritably: "Dallas is all right. Nice pair of hands on Dallas."

She said quite sharply, "Who's talking about Dallas." Then she became confused. Her eyes dropped again. She seemed hardly to be knowing what she was saying. "I mean . . . I'm glad . . . that you—"

"Me?"

"—glad that you came along with us on this trip."

"Oh?" He looked at her more kindly. "Any special reason?"

"Because . . . I shouldn't say this, I know—" she started to fiddle with a gold bangle she was wearing on her thin left wrist—"but it's because Captain Gort isn't doing the flying."

His fair eyebrows drew themselves nearer together. Somebody—Braddock probably—had told the girl about hitting

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If you could get an under-water view of washing-up ...

YOU'D SEE HOW LAZY SOAP-SUDS REALLY ARE !



If you could get an under-water view of washing-up you'd see how lazy suds from soaps and foaming detergents really are. ... They just don't get down to work where the dirty dishes lie. They float idly on the top of the water.

You'd see just the opposite, with Trix; it wastes no time with surface bubbles but gets to work with concentrated cleansing energy *down in the water* ... absorbing grease like magic (proof is your bright sink, free from scummy ring, when you let the washing-up water go). Instead of skin-diving into the sink for the under-water evidence ...

Make this simple test...

Get a bottle of Trix. Use just one teaspoonful in the washing-up. Merely tickle those dishes with the mop. Then see if you can find a trace of greasy film. You won't! (Even on a dinner plate you didn't rinse.) Now stack them to drain. They're so gleaming clean the water leaves them instantly. No slow-going sudsy patches to dry dull and tacky on your china, to streak and cloud your glass-ware. ... So—no tea-towel required! Your Trix-washed dishes dry brilliantly clean, as if you'd polished them ... and they are hygienically clean, too!

How different from the germ-trap film and streaks that have to be rubbed off after a sudsy washing-up.

Trix is thick ... it goes twice as far as ordinary detergents

Throw in the towel on wiping dishes ... Just **TRIX**'em, that'll fix'em!

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Just one tablespoon of Trix to two gallons of clothes-washing water gives the cleanest, sweetest wash, because Trix absorbs grease and dirt—and leaves no sudsy residue. Trix is best of all for washing woollens, silks and nylons.



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No "special" car shampoo does a better job than Trix. Wash car with Trix-in-water, hose. Traffic film disappears like magic!

Not a man's type



Stealing a sidelong look at Dick, Peggy saw that he, too, was watching the blond dancer.

WHEN Dad and the boys had gone off to the ball game, Peggy hurried to the phone and dialled the number. It was late to break the date... two o'clock Saturday afternoon... but she couldn't face it again, not a fourth blind date, with the whole crowd watching to see how she did. This time, as Ginny had said, it was to be "a cute fellow from Bud's office..."

Maybe, Peggy thought, there was one in every crowd, the girl who didn't click with the boys, no matter how popular she was with girls, and she was definitely the one in her group.

The rest of them all went steady. Ginny and Bud were even engaged, had been since senior year in high school, back in the days when Peggy had rushed right home every day, worried and anxious, to take care of Mum in her last, long illness.

There was a click on the line. "Ginny..." Peggy began miserably. "I can't go tonight..."

Ginny made a small sound of impatience. "Margaret Reynolds!" she said flatly. "You've got cold feet. We're only going out to The Bright Spot to dance. All you have to do is relax and have a good time..."

It was as simple as that for the rest of them.

But it wasn't as simple for her, the easy gaiety with a strange boy, the flirting banter. And if she went there would be tomorrow's post-mortems... "Didn't he ask you for another date? Did you have to be so quiet, Peg?"

"No, really," Peg said now. "I can't go..."

Ginny's laugh had an exasperated ring. "Why not? Are you going to sit with the sister again?"

It was a worn joke, the reference to Margaret's friendship with old Mrs. Mabry next door, the woman

who'd sat with them as kids when Mum was alive.

"Well," Peggy said. "To be truthful, I might go over to see her for a while, but—really, Ginny, I just can't face going out with the crowd tonight. I'm always so nervous when I meet someone new I get tongue-tied, and I'm sure the young man wishes he was with anyone else but me, so please get another girl."

When she'd hung up she went out of the house and through the hedge to Mrs. Mabry's. She had a key, so Mrs. Mabry, sprightly of mind but slowed by arthritis, didn't have to labor to the door every time Peg brought her a wanted book from the library, or a few flowers.

"Margaret..." Mrs. Mabry called expectantly.

Peggy went through to the sun porch and, bending, kissed the pale old cheek.

Mrs. Mabry had no one, except her nephew on the West Coast, the good-looking one in the picture album. She talked about him constantly. Now that he'd transferred to an eastern college he'd be coming down for a weekend, she kept saying. Poor old dear.

"You were a darling," Peg said, "to make that stew yesterday. I was late getting home from the office."

Mrs. Mabry waved that aside. "You've got enough on your shoulders, with all those men to look after in your family, and doing an office job as well. And you know how I love doing a bit of cooking even though I live by myself."

She picked up the movie magazine she held on her lap. "Peg... it's the last night for Gregory Peck's picture down at the movies. I know it's Saturday night, but..." She looked wistful.

"Sure," Peggy said. "We'll go, I had this blind date but I broke it..."

In the past she'd confided her failures to Mrs. Mabry. The old woman had dismissed them airily—she was so fond of Peggy, having treated her always like a daughter—the one she'd never had herself.

"The boy just wasn't your type," she always said. She believed it, too, ignoring the obvious fact Peg herself accepted, that she wasn't any man's type.

Peggy served supper as soon as Dad and the boys came home, then dressed and went back to Mrs. Mabry's.

THE car parked out front couldn't be for Mrs. Mabry. She never had any visitors calling, and certainly none with a car like that. Probably it was for someone over the road. Peggy used her key and stepped inside.

Mrs. Mabry, her face aught, beamed from the sofa. From a chair by the fireplace a tall young man smoking a pipe unfolded himself and stood up.

"This would be the famous Peggy," he said.

Peggy looked at the young man and realised at once he must be the nephew in the album. No doubt about that. His remark flustered Peg. She couldn't help imagining just how glowingly Mrs. Mabry had painted her in letters.

And here she was alone on a Saturday night, barging in because Mrs. Mabry had concealed that Dick was coming. Peggy murmured something hurriedly and turned back to the door.

"Where are you going?" Mrs. Mabry demanded, and when Peggy turned around, the old lady said brightly, "He likes Gregory Peck, too..."

It was almost too much for Peggy. She didn't have the heart

to hurt Mrs. Mabry by leaving, but she could feel herself almost blushing with embarrassment.

But when they were settled in the darkness of the movie, Peggy comforted herself that Dick would have no opportunity for the next two or three hours to observe that she wasn't the sophisticated, smooth sort he must be used to meeting.

Everything had been easy enough so far, with Dick asking questions on the drive to the theatre, questions about her family and her job, questions that proved his aunt had indeed written to him, mentioning a great deal about Peggy, which, of course, was only natural as she was about the only person who ever called on Mrs. Mabry.

Later, after the movie, Dick looked questioningly at the two of them. "Soda?" he asked. "Hamburger..."

Mrs. Mabry spoke quickly. "Something more exciting," she said. "It's an occasion. What's the name of that place where all you young folks go, Peg? The Bright Spot, isn't it?"

Peggy sent her an agonised glance of appeal which was ignored. And Dick was holding the car door, waiting.

Peg climbed back in, the familiar sinking feeling part of her again.

Only this time it was worse. She flushed in the darkness, remembering how long she'd nursed a secret, foolish crush for Dick, just from looking at his picture, listening to things Mrs. Mabry had said. And he was so nice.

She saw her crowd at The Bright Spot almost at once, at a table in the corner. And it wasn't hard to pick out "the cute fellow from Bud's office." There was a vivacious blonde next to him, bubbling with talk.

It was while Dick went for cigarettes from the machine that Ginny spied them and came over.

"Peg... you are a sly one!" She bent over the table and rolled her eyes. "I was lucky. I got another girl from my office for Chuck..."

She flounced back to the dance floor then, just as Dick returned to the table.

"I don't cha-cha," he apologised, sitting down. "All right if we watch this one instead?"

Peggy nodded. "I like to watch." It was true.

She couldn't help studying Chuck and the blonde as they danced past.

The girl was acting the way Peggy would have been expected to act, playing up to Chuck, looking at him with something teasing, something promising in her eyes.

Stealing a sidelong look at Dick, Peggy saw that he, too, was watching the blonde, his glance following her, hypnotised. Peggy's heart sank.

Dick turned suddenly and caught Peggy's covert look. But, amazingly, he gave a kind of mock shudder.

"Poor guy!" he laughed. "He's getting the full treatment. That kind of girl always scares me stiff, makes me want to run for cover. Can't be herself, has to put on an act. Know what I mean?"

It was the confiding sort of thing you said to someone you liked. Peggy nodded, speechless.

The next number began. Dick stood and held out his arms.

"I'm glad I surprised Aunt Em," he said while they danced. "Could we do this again next weekend?"

Over Dick's shoulder, Peggy saw Mrs. Mabry. The old lady gave her an exaggerated wink. Floating on a cloud, a nice substantial one at last, Peggy winked back.

A short short story by DOROTHY M. ROSE

(Copyright)

A Man's Castle

Ever since he'd married Ellen a year ago he had
lived with the hidden fear that some day he might lose her

By HARRIET SHIEK

AFTER dinner that evening Phil and Ellen Jennison led their two guests into the shadow-filled living-room for coffee. It was there that Phil first realised what was causing the tension in the air. It seemed to pervade the whole house, like something electric that you could feel but couldn't see, and he'd felt it since noon—since the arrival of Ellen's brother, Jerry, and Jerry's pal Buck Barrows.

Now, all at once, it hit Phil what was wrong. Why, that man Barrows wants my wife, he thought, and was stunned by his silent discovery. It was right there in Captain Barrows' bold blue eyes as he stared steadily at Ellen. Did he think this dusky light hid it? Or didn't he care whether he was hiding it or not?

But he's our guest, Phil thought. Weeks ago, when Ellen's brother, a captain in the Air Force, had written that one of his buddies had no family to visit when they came home for a ten-day leave, Phil had said at once to Ellen, "Tell Jerry to bring him to Los Angeles. There's so darned little we can do for these kids." He'd added a postscript to Ellen's letter himself, saying to both Jerry and Buck: "Our home is yours, fellows."

But, good grief, a man's home was his castle, wasn't it? When you invited another man in you didn't expect a thing like this.

Phil glanced at Ellen. She was sitting on the couch beside Jerry, her slender figure outlined in a flowing dress, her black hair a soft cap framing her face. Jerry was telling some joke, making her laugh. But now Phil noticed that it was an odd, self-conscious laugh. And her cheeks were flushed, her brown eyes too bright. She'd been like that all afternoon and evening. Phil had thought it was just the excitement of having Jerry at home for a while; now he remembered that Buck Barrows had helped her set the table for dinner, and had helped her with the dishes afterwards while Jerry sat in the living-room with him, Phil.

A chill swept over Phil, as though someone had suddenly opened the window at his back, and his indignation changed to fear. This wasn't the first time a man had looked at Ellen with desire.

But it was the first time Phil had felt really scared. Not that he didn't trust Ellen. It was his ability to hold her that he didn't trust. Ever since he'd married her a year before, he'd lived with the hidden fear that some day he could possibly lose her.

He had so little to give her besides his love—a school-teacher's way of life, a schoolteacher's salary, this large but old-fashioned home he'd inherited from his parents. She was only twenty, still a sparkling slip of a girl, while he was almost thirty, with a couple of grey hairs. It amused him, yet pleased him, too, whenever she told him that he was distinguished looking and that it was his dignity which had first appealed to her. She seemed to like nothing better than to spend an evening before the fireplace and have him read aloud to her—anything from "Pilgrim's Progress" to a murder mystery.

But, contented as she seemed, drop a dashing twenty-one-year-old captain into her quiet, dull life, and why wouldn't she be stimulated, excited, even attracted to the man if he made it plain he was attracted to her? And Buck Barrows was making it quite plain.

Phil forced himself to take another look at Barrows, at the square, tanned, good-looking face. He wasn't as tall as Phil, but he wore his smart blue uniform with a self-assured, jaunty grace. Phil had liked him at once when Jerry had introduced them at the airport at noon, liked his firm handclasp, his quick grin.

But now Phil remembered something else about that meeting at the airport.

When the boys had got off the plane Ellen had flung herself into Jerry's arms and kissed him. Then, because Buck was one of her brother's buddies, she'd kissed him, too. Natural enough. But something had happened in that moment when she and Barrows kissed each other. Phil had felt it, although he hadn't fully understood it then. He'd seen Ellen draw back, her eyes wide, as her hands dropped away from the broad, uniformed shoulders. For a long second, after she'd drawn away, Barrows had stood perfectly still, looking deep into her eyes as if no one else were around. And he'd talked only to her as they all walked towards the parking lot.

When Barrows saw the car, he had given a low whistle and said, "Brand new, huh?"

"Well," Phil had admitted, "the finance company owns most of it."

"Gosh," Barrows had sighed, "when was the last time I sat behind the wheel of a car?"

Phil had held out the keys. "Go ahead."

"Oh, let Jerry have first try." Then, somehow, Barrows was helping Ellen into the back seat and Phil had found himself in front with Jerry. That, too, had seemed quite natural at the time, but looking back on it, Phil knew Buck Barrows had manoeuvred the whole thing.

The three of them—Buck, Jerry, and Ellen—were all laughing together now at something Phil had missed. Ellen noticed his silence. Smiling at him, she asked in her quick, bright way, "More coffee, darling?"

"No. No thanks." Phil got to his feet and took his pipe from the mantel, but sat down again without lighting it. Every motion was an effort.

Jerry finished his coffee and smacked his lips. "That's what I call real coffee, Sis." Grinning at Barrows, he said, "This is the life, huh, Bucko-boy?" Phil knew he didn't mean it. Both of the boys were regular Air Force; they'd chosen their life and wanted no other during peace or war.

Buck drew on his cigarette and blew out a long stream of smoke before answering. "Yes." He continued to look only at Ellen. "This is the life."

She glanced down at her hands, clasping and unclasping them nervously—Ellen, who was never fidgety or nervous.

"You know, Jerry," she said, "I can't believe you're actually here. We want you to have a wonderful time. Phil got tickets for the Ice-Capades tomorrow night. And Saturday night we've planned a party . . ." She broke off, aware that she was talking too fast. And she was looking anywhere but at Barrows.

"Sounds good, Sis," Jerry said. "We're sure going to make the most of these ten days, aren't we, Buck?"

Ten days, Phil thought, clutching at that fact. A man can't walk into another man's home and destroy it in ten days. No? Barrows was a jet pilot. Time, to a man with his nerve, his daring, his courage, was measured in minutes, not days.

Ellen spoke again, suddenly, abruptly. "Wouldn't you boys like to go out on your own somewhere tonight?" She turned to Phil. "They're welcome to the car, aren't they, Phil?"

"Why, yes." He straightened up in his chair. "Of course." But his relief at the prospect of getting Barrows out of the house was dimmed by the fact that it had been Ellen who suggested it. Was she that afraid of having the man around . . . that unsure of herself . . . ?

"How about it, Bucko-boy?" Jerry asked. "I still know a few phone numbers in this territory."

Bucko-boy said, "I'm comfortable here."

"Comfortable! Listen to the guy." Jerry stood up and grinned at Phil. "Me, I'm turning down no offers of a car on my first night in town."

So Phil had to dig the car keys out of his pocket and give them to Jerry, who tossed them up in the air and caught them neatly in the palm of his hand. Looking down at Buck, he asked, "Sure you're too comfortable to be pried out of that chair?"

"I'm sure."

"Well, now I've seen everything." With a cheerful, "So long, people," Jerry walked out of the room, oblivious to the situation he was leaving behind him. A happy-go-lucky kid, he liked everybody, trusted everybody.

With Jerry gone, the silence in the room lasted a full minute before Ellen said something about the fog's being very bad this winter, and asked Buck if they had run into any on their flight over the Pacific. She'd already asked him that question at dinner.

Phil didn't even attempt to enter the meaningless conversation. Once more he looked at Captain Barrows, at the trim blue uniform. He's everything I'm not, Phil thought.

Phil had never worn a uniform and never would because a siege of rheumatic fever when he was seven years old had done something to his heart. As a kid, though he'd longed to play football and baseball, he'd had to content himself with books and his own thoughts. To this day he felt shy and inadequate around men of action who . . .

His thoughts were cut off, not by any noise, but by the silence around him and he realised it had been several minutes since Buck or Ellen had said anything.

Across the shadowy room he saw Barrows get out of his chair and move over to the couch and sit down beside Ellen. "Got any cigarettes over here?" he asked casually, reaching towards the silver box on the coffee table.

Ellen rose, speaking in a low, rather breathless voice, "Why in the world are we sitting in the dark?" She went to one of the floor-lamps. The light came on, soft and amber, and for one brief moment she was silhouetted against it.

Phil glanced at Barrows. It was still there in his eyes. And as Barrows turned his head slightly to meet Phil's gaze, the bold blue eyes seemed to challenge Phil, seemed to admit frankly, Okay. You know. What are you going to do about it all?

For what seemed an endless moment, Phil sat where he was, feeling a hard, tight knot of anger form in his stomach. But . . . the man was a guest. He was Jerry's pal. And he hadn't actually done anything wrong that you could pin down in words.

When at last Phil spoke, when at last he moved, it was to say in a polite host's voice as he stood up and went towards the liquor cabinet, "Can I get you a brandy, Captain?"

Later, upstairs in their room, Ellen sat at her dressing-table brushing her hair. Phil lay on the bed watching her. Was she thinking about Barrows? And in the room across the hall, was Barrows thinking of her?

A marriage could be hurt in so many ways, and right this moment Barrows was hurting theirs.

But—and now Phil's distrust in himself took over—maybe Barrows wasn't to blame. Maybe there should have been no marriage in the first place between Ellen Lowe and Phil Jennison. Even at the time, Phil had wondered uncertainly what can she see in me? They'd met in the library, where she was working, and where he'd been doing research for his Master's thesis. Three months after meeting they were married. Maybe he should have waited, given her more time to be sure of herself. Maybe no girl truly knew her own heart at nineteen.

But she had been happy this past year; he could swear to that. And the only thing that had marred his own happiness was the secret fear that some day she might realise she'd made a mistake. She was such an active little thing, whizzing through her work in this big house, baking things he liked, yet finding time and energy to do the things a faculty wife was expected to do in the school community.

Many other girls her age were still in college or having a fling at careers. That's why, when other men flirted with her, danced with her at parties, or hung around her, he always forced himself to stay in the background. Let her have fun, he would tell himself, and was very careful not to show any jealousy for fear he would lose her in the very attempt to hold her.

It was going to be hard, though—desperately hard—to stay in the background this time, but that was what he had to do. It had worked so far, hadn't it? Ellen, because of her basic loyalty and integrity, and because he'd left her entirely free, hadn't shown the slightest interest in any of the men who had paid her attention. In fact, once when they were driving home from a faculty Christmas party, she'd said, snuggling close to him, "A fine husband you are, letting me dance with all those other men. I had only two dances with you all evening. Two!"

For a moment he'd been tempted to admit the truth—that two dances with her hadn't been enough for him, either, and that he certainly didn't enjoy seeing other men monopolise her. But he was so afraid of sounding possessive that he had said, instead, "You were beautiful tonight, darling. No wonder they all wanted to dance with you."

Now her eyes caught his in the dressing-table mirror, and she frowned slightly. Her arm, holding the brush, paused in mid-air, and she seemed to be waiting for him to say something. Was she expecting him to mention Barrows? That was the one subject Phil was determined to avoid.

Hiding his troubled thoughts, he smiled at her and said, "Jerry looks good, doesn't he, honey?"

"Yes . . . yes, he does." She still seemed to be waiting.

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Ellen turned around after catching Phil's eyes in the mirror, as if expecting him to speak.

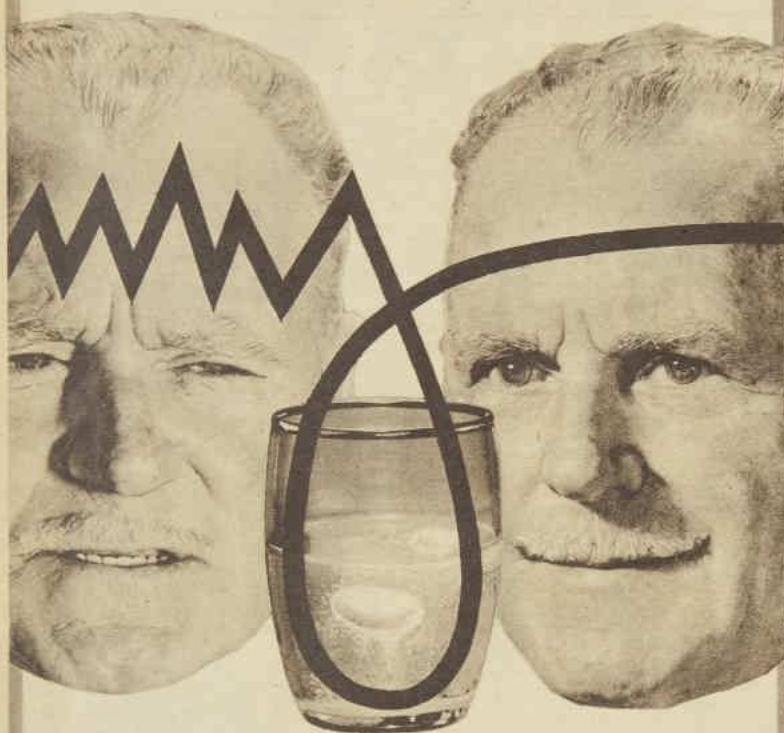


ILLUSTRATED BY
BARBARA ROBERTSON

Stomach upset — a risk you take with ordinary aspirin

and aspirin-containing pain relievers

Ordinary aspirin—the ingredient of most pain relievers—does not readily dissolve: it merely breaks up into coarse acid particles. Medical experience shows that these aspirin particles can lodge in and irritate the stomach lining—a cause of serious conditions in some people, of indigestion, dyspepsia and heartburn in others.



DISPRIN THE DISSOLVING ASPIRIN

is free from these defects. DISPRIN dissolves in seconds to become a solution in your stomach. And DISPRIN is far less acid. That's why DISPRIN is the safe, fast way to relieve headache and pain.

You'll find your doctor will recommend DISPRIN, too.

PERIOD PAINS
Disprin, at such times, is a blessing to women. Pain is relieved and the nerves rapidly soothed. Keep the flat pack in your handbag.

SAFER FOR CHILDREN
Because Disprin dissolves and is far less acid it is much safer for children. It can easily be given as a drink.

DOCTORS RECOMMEND

DISPRIN THE DISSOLVING ASPIRIN

For Headaches, Feverishness, Nerve Pains,
Colds, Chills, Flu



FROM ALL CHEMISTS

FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

"I'S 14½ too young to wear lipstick, earrings, a straight frock, and shoes with 1½ in. heels? Until recently I have been going with an 18-year-old boy, but I was told he didn't like me any more. We had been going together for five months. The reason he doesn't like me, I think, is because I went to a dance and to the pictures with another boy. Is it right to go out with boys or have a boy-friend at my age? Also, how can I stop a boy in his late teens from drinking intoxicating liquor?"
"Crazy Kid," N.S.W.

You are far too young to have a steady boy-friend at your age, and you certainly should not be out with any boy who drinks intoxicating liquor.

At 14½ you are a schoolgirl, at 18 a boy is a man, and an experienced one compared to schoolgirls of 14½. You should not be out with him whether he drinks or not. It is shocking even to think of you being in a situation where you are faced with the adult problem of trying to stop a man drinking.

I don't think any girl should go steady before she is 16, and I don't think she should go out with a boy until she is this age except to group outings such as parties or school dances. I think, too, that if she does go to such things her parents should either escort her there and back or fix a time when she must be home. This may seem old-fashioned and drastic, but it means a happy daughter and happy parents when a girl does reach her sixteenth year, or the age when parents believe she is able to cope with the problems of going out alone with a boy.

As far as your dressing problems go, I think light make-up and 1½ in. heels are quite correct on social occasions. As for the straight frock and the earrings, if they look nice, yes, perhaps, although personally I prefer a young girl in a more unsophisticated style.

"I AM a girl of 16 and like a boy my own age whom I met at a party at his home. Since then I have met him several times, and his quiet, pleasant manner and good looks have captivated me. I would like to go out with him, but he works on night shift with weekends included, whilst I work daytime. I don't like asking him the days he has off each week, because he may believe that I am out 'to get' him. What shall I do? His sister informed me that he likes me very much."

"Anxious," Victoria.

Leave it to him and you might eventually get him. If he wants to see you he'll see that he does, shift work or not.

"THERE is a boy who lives down the street from me and whom I like for the simple reason he is my girl-friend's brother and is quite a nice boy who likes a bit of clean fun. The other night I dreamed that he kissed me and ever since I have had the urgent desire to kiss him. I am not a flirt, and this is the first time this has happened to me. One night recently he came down to baby-sit with me to mind my young brother. He asked me if I had ever been kissed. I told him truthfully I hadn't. He asked me to

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith.

let him kiss me, but I flatly refused. Now I feel if he asked me again I would let him. Am I just being silly or growing up? I am 14 and he is nearly 15."

"Wondering," N.S.W.

You are growing up, and growing up fast, what's more. I'm glad you didn't kiss him when he asked, because there really is nothing more disappointing than a kiss that has to be asked for first. The sort that are best are the kisses you are in the middle of before you expect them to happen.

Both of you are too young yet, though, for anything other than a shy kiss, so perhaps the sort that are asked for is your best bet until you are a couple of years older.

***** DISC DIGEST *****

THE name of Frank Cordell will be new to most of us, but actually we have heard the work of this conductor-arranger, more or less anonymously, on single discs featuring such British artists as Alma Cogan, Ronnie Hilton, and Malcolm Vaughan.

Now the full spotlight is turned on Cordell with his LP "The Melody Lingers On" (OCLP.1153), and he makes a very fine showing. For this disc he has arranged twelve standards. But he has been original enough to do half for large orchestra and six for a dance band. Further freshness is achieved by the subtle introduction of woodwinds and harp. It all adds up to a most enjoyable platter. Among the tunes are "Fascinating Rhythm," "Dance Little Lady," "The Continental," "Yesterdays," "The Man I Love," and "The Song Is Ended." The last two are with vocals.

RUSS GARCIA is another new name and, like Cordell, he is a conductor-arranger. His album "Hi-Fi Music For Children" (HAA.2102) is a bit of a deceiver. Although the music has been selected for its appeal to the nippers, the presentation is very much on the grown-up level.

In his spare time, Garcia, who is an American, composes serious music, so he really "knows the score." For instance, he treats "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater" in classical style, puts a jazz beat into "Yankee Doodle" and "Davy Crockett," and swings items such as "Old MacDonald," "Johnny's So Late At The Fair," "Whistle While You Work," and "Old King Cole."

The hi-fi is splendid throughout, but particularly so in "Mary Had A Little Lamb" and "Parade Of The Wooden Soldiers," while young Mouseketeers are going to get lots of kicks out of the "Mickey Mouse March." If you like Garcia's style, you can hear him again in a disc we talked about recently—Julie London's "About The Blues" on HAA.2091. He has also scored for the great Ella Fitzgerald, Oscar Peterson, Sarah Vaughan, and Dinah Shore.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.



A word from Debbie . . .

There's more to being a best man than getting the groom to the church on time, suitably fortified. Don't wait till the music of "Here comes the bride" fills the church to wonder about your duties. Here they are:
• See that arrangements for the groom's buttonhole and your own are foolproof and arrange to pick them up if necessary.
• Help the groom pack and dress.
• Take the groom's going-away clothes to the place of reception.
• Collect the bride's luggage and store

it in the car in which they are leaving the reception.

• Get the groom to the church 20 minutes before the ceremony.

• Make sure you have the wedding ring safely stowed away.

• Give the parson his fee, and make arrangements for any other donations or fees necessary at the church—the verger, organist, etc.

• Read the telegrams, reply to the toast of the bridesmaids at the reception.

• Help the groom to change, take charge of his wedding clothes if he wants you to.

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DIFFERENT TASTE

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**Huntley & Palmers
FAMOUS**

Cornish Wafers

NOW MADE IN AUSTRALIA



"They're for people who like to be different!"
says Julie Kerr, Peek Frean's popular Home Advisor.



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You must *try* Cornish Wafers to know just how wonderful they are... how light and crisp... how completely, deliciously different!

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You've a BRAND NEW family favourite... CORNISH WAFERS, now made by Peek Frean

Huntley & Palmers Cornish Wafers—another favourite in

Peek Frean's Mighty NEW Variety!

Watch Peek Frean's big TV shows: "Disneyland," TCN-9, each Sunday 6.30-7.30 p.m.; "Monday Night Movie," ATN-7, each Monday 7.30-9.00 p.m., and "Border Patrol" HSV-7, from Tuesday, 21st April

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 8, 1959



"I hate family reunions!"



ELI SARETH MACINTYRE.

"You're going to be a famous ballerina . . . That's just what I was going to be, when I grew up!"

It seems to me

NEW YORK travel agent Betty Johnson has announced plans for a bachelor safari.

She expects that her clients will range from teenage secretaries to middle-aged school principals. She promises to take them to parts of Europe where bachelors abound.

Her idea is soundly based. It could be a huge success, profitable to her, enjoyable for the travellers. And yet—

Girls going on holiday always claim to be looking for everything else but men. They usually state their desire for scenery, for cultural sightseeing, even for a nice rest.

In truth there is nothing so scenically pleasing, so improving to the mind, or so restful to the eye as an unattached man.

But where will Travel Agent Johnson find enough paying female customers to come out in the open and put down their money for a trip plainly labelled as a bachelor safari?

TELEPHONE subscribers in Sydney need never be lonely now.

They can dial for weather reports as well as for time.

George, the recorded time signal, has the nicest voice. The weather voices are varied: sometimes male, sometimes female.

George, of course, gets a wee bit monotonous. With the weather there's always the hope of drama.

THAT new invention electroluminescence is hailed as a revolutionary step in lighting.

Curtains incorporating a layer of luminous material will glow like lamps. One manufacturer, marketing a night-light, claims that if left on for a whole year it would use less than a pennyworth of electricity.

If that is so the invention will do more than change domestic lighting.

In ending the argument about switching off lights it could remove one of the greatest single causes of domestic discord.

A FRENCH magazine features an article which claims to give Princess Margaret's own views on her romance with Group-Captain Peter Townsend.

The paper claims that the views were expressed in letters to friends.

One more thought on an oft-told tale: It's a wonder someone doesn't write a last headline to the affair, "For The Love Of Pete!"

AN executive of a big Californian chemical works claims to have invented a chemical which "dissipates the traditional feeling of restlessness associated with spring."

He says that this chemical, sprayed round offices in the morning, "eliminates all those tiresome office romances."

Better be careful with it. Otherwise in 20 years' time he'll be looking in vain for that annual crop of office boys and girls.

By



Dorothy Drann

WHEN the British Prime Minister, Mr. Macmillan, finally landed in America after his Russian and French visits, he must have felt relieved at being able to talk the same language as President Eisenhower.

Or nearly the same language.

That there are traps, even in tongues so similar as English, American, and Australian, was shown by a broadcast account of what went on.

According to this account, American officials described part of the talks as "a free-for-all discussion."

In this country a "free-for-all" is pretty lively. Pedantically, if you were trying to explain it to an interpreter, you could say that it was the kind of discussion that ends up as a blue.

U.S. scientists, having bounced a radar beam off Venus, report that the solar system is slightly smaller than was thought.

Whatever new discoveries may be made about the solar system and the universe you can be sure of one thing—that human beings will not in themselves change a great deal.

In the year 2060 Mr. and Mrs. Jones will celebrate Mr. Jones' retirement with a trip to Venus, just as their ancestors made the grand tour to Europe.

They'll stop off at the moon for a meal and a shower, and they'll run into Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, who at home live in the same street.

And Mrs. Jones will exclaim, "What I always say is, it's a small solar system."

IN a B.B.C. talk entitled "There's No Pleasing A Woman" Kevin Fitzgerald said: "When taken out to a meal wives don't choose what they would like but the cheapest item. They decline a drink, cannot resist peering at the bill, and spoil the meal by saying it is too expensive. This leads to that frightful situation 'You never take me out now.'"

They say there's no pleasing a woman, But indeed there's no pleasing a man. Suppose you choose chicken, The bill leaves him stricken. He believes you can't tell, but you can.

And suppose that you settle for goulash, Adding, "No, I don't feel like champagne."

Having meant to be festive, He'll look injured and restive And mightn't invite you again.

It's a woman's eternal dilemma, And maybe of birds and of bees, To consider the pocket, Or be reckless and sock it, Of the man she is trying to please.

**be warm
look enchanting**

Sleeping is a true pleasure when you have La Mode interlock nighties in your wardrobe. Colour and fashion-right styles you want . . . quality is high . . . prices are modest.

Prices vary in some States

43/11



39/11

Both choir-boy yoke or form-fitted styles as illustrated are available for you with beautiful embroidered panels or in La Mode's new exclusive "Beadex" trim. (Illustrated on right). Dolman sleeves, long ten-inch, three-button fronts are pleasing features. Colours are more delicate than you have ever seen before in cotton interlock—Rose Glow, Royal Mist, Sun Gleam and Green Frost.

Women's spot pyjamas — 39/11.
Children's spot pyjamas from 27/11.
Children's plain pyjamas from 16/11.



New shawl collar, lounging pyjamas by La Mode. Attractive coin-spot tops, plain pants. Wonderfully washable. Shrink-resistant. And generously sized. In a cheerful array of colours, all knit of the finest cotton interlock.

AUSTRALIA FROM THE AIR

CAPE YORK

● Cape York, the top of Australia, juts out into the Torres Strait. The other extreme points of the Australian mainland are —on the west, Steep Point, W.A.; on the east, Cape Byron, N.S.W.; and on the south, Wilson's Promontory, Victoria.

Cape York Peninsula, a triangle of land about 500 miles long and 300 miles wide, was the site of the first definite contact of white men with Australia when Dutchman William Jansz sailed down from Java in 1606.

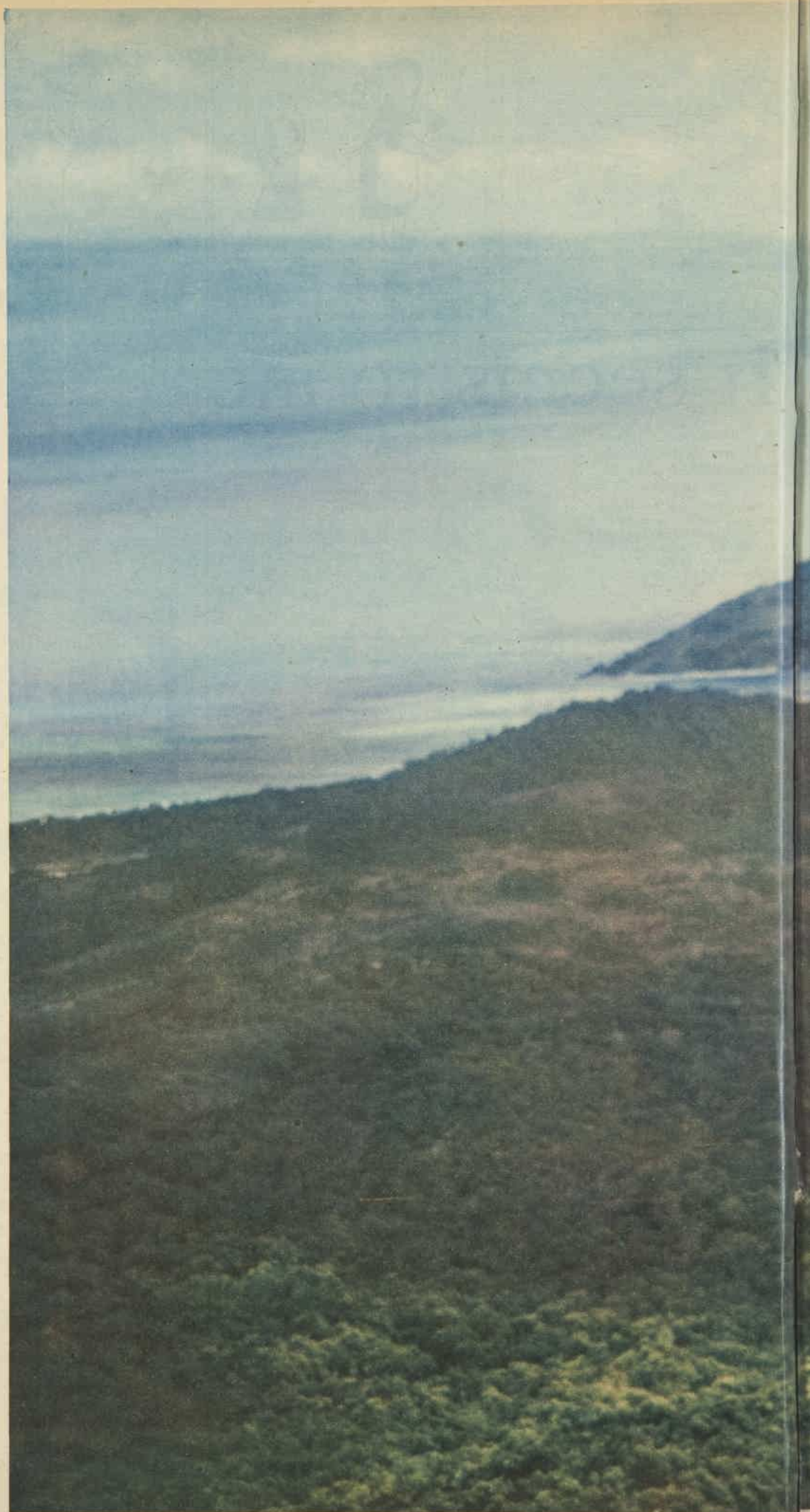
In 1770, another distinguished visitor, Captain James Cook, named Cape York in honor of the Duke of York, brother of King George III. On an island nearby, Possession Island, Cook claimed the eastern coast of Australia for England.

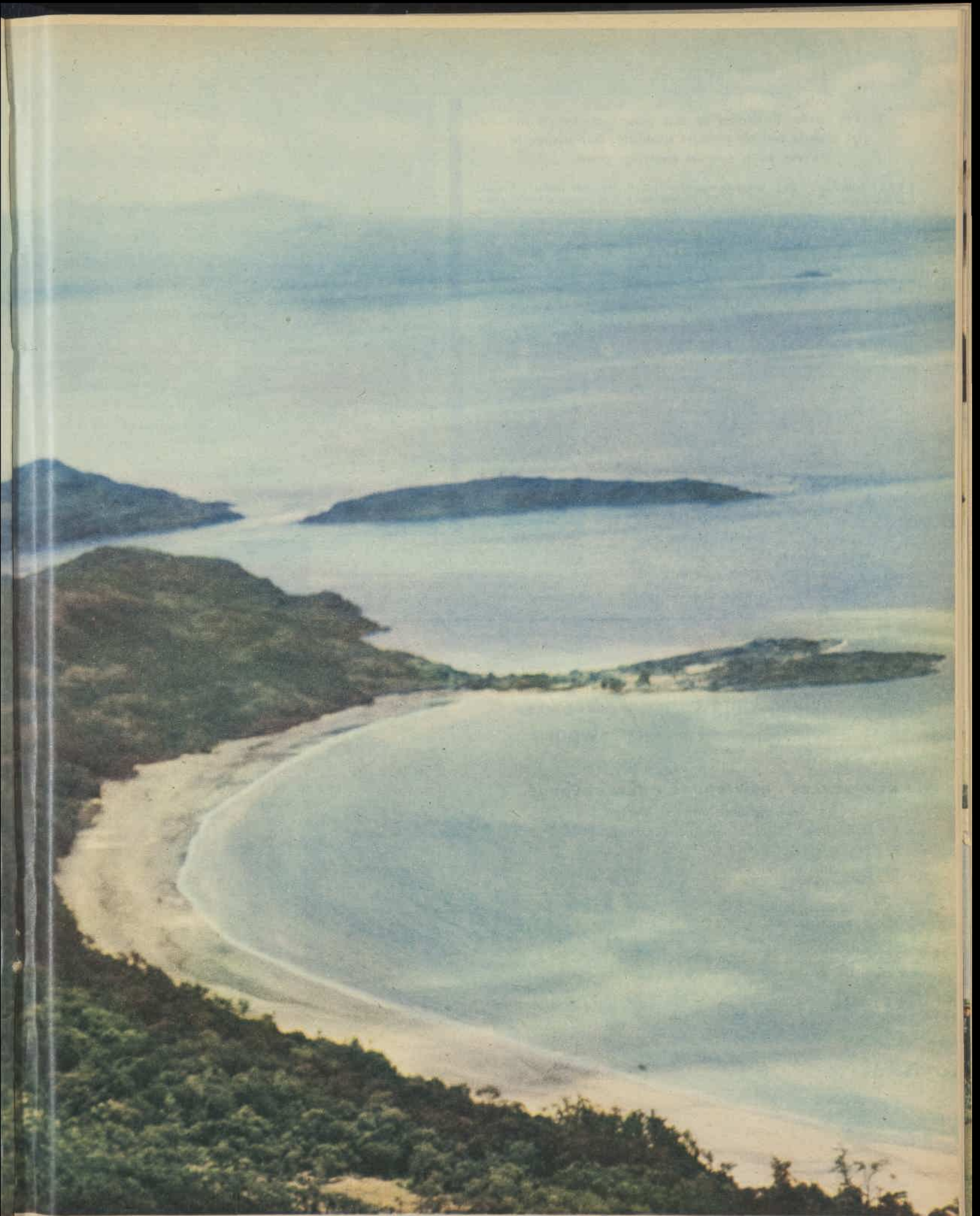
Nearly 100 years later, in 1863, the first Governor of Queensland, Sir George Bowen, sent John Jardine to found a settlement at Somerset, not far south of Cape York. Somerset remained an isolated garrison post, coaling station, and sheltering harbor until 1877, when the settlement was moved to Port Kennedy, a safer anchorage, on Thursday Island.

The upper peninsula again lapsed into solitude, with its sparse population scattered about a few cattle stations and aboriginal missions. In 1955 Cape York Peninsula entered an exciting new era when New Zealand geologist Harry Evans took samples of bauxite — the raw material for aluminium—from the Weipa Mission area, 150 miles south of Cape York, on the Gulf of Carpentaria.

Surveys showed that Weipa is the world's biggest known bauxite deposit, and a Canadian company has discovered additional large deposits in other parts of the peninsula. Millions of pounds of overseas capital have been attracted to this project, one of the biggest industrial undertakings ever planned in Australia.

Picture by Eric Read, of Ivanhoe, Victoria.





DRESS SENSE

By *Betty Keep*

● The dress illustrated on this page was chosen for a girl who is having a quiet wedding but wishes to dress in a formal wedding gown.

HERE is her letter and my reply:

"As a follower of your 'Dress Sense' page I am seeking your advice, I am to have only a small family wedding, but my future husband is very anxious for me to be married in a proper wedding gown and bridal veil. Would this be permissible?"

As your future husband is anxious for you to be married in a bridal dress and veil, indulge his wishes. It is perfectly correct fashion, and, after all, you are only a bride once, so why not make it a glamorous occasion? The design I have chosen for your dress is illustrated at right.

The bodice is form-fitting, and the skirt has graceful width, while its length—above ankle—is new. A flower applique is used for the neckline trim; the flowers are cut from the dress material. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design. Lines under the picture give further details and how to order.

"WOULD you help me in the choice of a suit to wear for best? The winter climate up here is fairly mild, so I don't want anything too heavy. I have some off-white fine wool material, but I wasn't

sure if the color would be correct. I am 17, and am a fairly slim SSW fitting."

Certainly use your off-white wool. All beige shades are very much in the current fashion picture. My design suggestion is a three-piece suit featuring a straight skirt, short jacket, and an overblouse. Style details to follow: jacket finished with a bigish round collar, skirt finished with trouser pleat, and overblouse (in fine white silk) uncollared, with a round neckline.

"WOULD it be correct to fasten the front of a frock with a slide fastener?"

Perfectly correct. A slide fastener is the neatest form of fastening and can be used on all parts of a garment.

"WHAT style of jacket would be correct to wear with slacks or a narrow skirt? I am 17, and have a fairly nice figure."

A collarless blazer. The blazer could be made in striped wool jersey or in a plain wool bound with a contrast.

"I AM going on a cruise, and the weather will be very hot. Do you think I should include a coat with

my other clothes? I would also be grateful for any advice you could give me about correct dressing for the ship. I have sundresses and shorts and tops for the daytime, and a plain light silk for going ashore."

You will be well advised to take a cardigan or light coat. Sea breezes are apt to be cool, especially at night. Most ships have a swimming-pool, so take a swimsuit and a wrap to wear going to and from your cabin and the pool. Shoes with soft soles are necessary for deck-walking and deck games. You will change for dinner; a pretty, short-skirted silk or cotton dress is correct.

If you own an evening dress, take it along for any gala occasion that might occur during the voyage. On most cruises a costume dinner is held, but it is more fun to cater for the occasion as it arises. Best wishes for a pleasant holiday.

DS355.—Short-skirted wedding gown in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 10½yds. 54in. net and 5½yds. 36in. lining. Price 6/6. Patterns available from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington.



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Dolman with unusual trim. Takes 13 ozs. Lincoln "Crepette". Total cost (approx.) 36/-.



Model No. L2224
BOOK No. 767

Coolie jacket (contrast-lined revers). Takes 14 ozs. Lincoln "Triple-twist" and 3 ozs. "Daphne" crochet. Total cost (approx.) 46/-.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 8, 1959

500 Beauty Hints PART ONE

● If it's been a long time since you took a close look at yourself—your skin and hair, your eyes and teeth, your fingernails and figure — now is the time to do so. Then you can judge for yourself whether any changes are needed.

Few are blessed with perfect looks. Consequently, there are many people of all ages who would love someone to take them in hand and make them over.

But that's just a popular daydream and a rather weak way of dodging a beauty issue. Everyone creates her own good looks (admittedly with the help of experts), and nobody else can do the job better than you. So if you really want to enhance your appearance to the utmost why not start right now?

Our advice is to read every word of "500 Beauty Hints" and try each new idea until you understand what's right for you. Then practise, practise, practise until your grooming becomes a daily habit.

CHARMS of this glamorous girl are due mostly to Nature, partly to good grooming.



SKIN

THE teenager who subsists on a diet of sweets, the woman who goes on and off fad diets, the girl who loads her face with make-up—all are doing damage to their skins. If you want a healthy, glowing skin and advice on make-up see pages 34 and 35.



GIVE YOUR LOOKS A LIFT

- We begin on this page the first instalment of "500 Beauty Hints," which contains a store of good beauty sense for any age group at any season of the year. For the best results, be realistic about your looks and pursue improvements optimistically. Next week watch for the second and final instalment.

HAIR

YOUR hair has a sheen all its own when you eat properly, get sufficient sleep, and always give it the correct treatment. For details on washing, setting, and styling the hair so that it is easy to handle and really becoming see page 39.



FIGURE

YOUR shape depends a little on exercise and your frame—a lot on the kind of food you eat and how much. You can slim a waist or plump a bosom with the right routine, and you can keep pounds off or on. See hints on page 38.



NAILS

FINGERNAILS are prone to split and crack and look just dreadful if they are not supplied with the proper vitamins and minerals as well as sensible basic care. Helpful hints on hand grooming and fingernail upkeep are on page 39.





PIN BACK YOUR HAIR before you start your creaming routine. Work in good light; select the cream that will do the most for your skin.

● Instead of searching for cosmetics that will give you a skin that looks good, start by creating a complexion that is good.

IF your body is fat and flabby, your skin will be flabby; if a bad diet robs you of vital food nutrients, your skin will show it. If you haven't moved a muscle in exercise in years, the tone of your skin will be practically non-existent.

You can change the way your skin looks—even though you can't change your skin. First, make sure you're in top physical condition by checking with your doctor. If constipation is one of your troubles, ask him to help you overcome this; stomach upsets have a way of dimming a complexion.

Vitamins

If you're over or under weight, get his advice on dieting. A good diet, one that eliminates and cuts down starches and sweets, but is rich in vitamin-bearing foods like fruit, vegetables, cheese, meat, is vital to skin health. You'll find lots of help in the article on beauty-dieting next week.

A good diet works from within to clear up a bad skin. Exercise works the same way—by stimulating you into working up a healthy sweat (inelegant, perhaps, but beautifying). The free flow of perspiration helps clean out your pores and stirs the skin

to life. Exercise tones muscles and skin, too—gives your complexion that firmness and healthy look that make the difference between an attractive complexion and a stunning one.

Well, here you are—eating like a beauty and exercising like mad. You're drinking lots of water and thinking healthy thoughts—and still no results. What next?

Well, there's the question of sleep. As you sleep your body carries on a kind of repair job. Your skin catches its breath, so to speak, and gets ready for the next complexion-damaging day. You need eight hours (experts say some people need less or more—but that's a good average time to aim for) every night, not just once a week, when you're enthused about your beauty routine, but every night, night after night.

Lack of sleep muddies your skin, deepens circles under your eyes, and causes little tension lines to start forming.

Sunshine

Fresh air and sunshine are important to your skin, too. Make sure you let your skin have a field day in the open air occasionally.

Take long walks (great for the figure, too) without make-up (well, maybe a bit of lipstick), letting the walk stir up circulation. Get out in the sun, but don't go overboard.

Keep your skin clear, smooth, glowing

Skin beauty starts with a wise plan for skin health ... depends on body health

Many a bad complexion starts with what a girl fondly thinks is a good tan. Let other girls toast to a deep mahogany shade; you be content with a lighter tan and a better skin.

Every time you're out in the sun, protect your skin with a sun-screening lotion—even in winter, if the sun is bright and glaring. Wear a sunhat or carry a parasol to protect your skin—and tell your over-tanned friends that real beauty doesn't depend on a faddish browning, but on the color of health and radiance.

We believe in make-up, as you will see when you turn to the article on the opposite page. But make-up is not a substitute for a good complexion.

and stale make-up that comes off the SECOND time around. If you have any doubts that every trace of make-up has been removed, give your face another going over. New mascaras are so long-lasting (a quality you love during the day) that you may find it easier to use a sterile gauze pad dipped in cream to smooth and cleanse the eye area. This will be gentler than using your fingers.

Indelible lipsticks present another problem area, too. Soft pads will do this removal job quickly and thoroughly.

A girl with oily skin will probably want to pat her face with an astringent lotion after cleansing, although if you're

Next pat your skin dry. Don't rub hard; skin is delicate and vigorous rubbing will hurt it. Now, does it feel and look wonderful?

How often should you wash your face?

Oily skins stand washing as often as three or four times a day—on rising, before bed, at lunchtime, and perhaps before dinner, until the regular sudsing helps to normalise the flow of oil.

A girl with a dry skin might plan to wash only once or twice, using cleansing cream for the other "wash" times. But the minimum for every girl who wants to be a beauty is a thorough daily sudsing.

There are hundreds of face-creams on the market—everything from simple cold cream that serves as a cleanser and as a lubricator to specialised creams for eye areas, for moistening, for dry skin, for oily skin, for disturbed skin, until shopping for a cream can set you in a whirl.

How much you pay for a cream depends on your budget; you can find quality at every price. Whichever preparation you buy, just make sure that it's the right cream for your type of skin.

Naturally, the years bring changes in every woman's skin. Creaming your face every night for years will not preserve your skin in a perpetual youth, but it will keep it looking groomed, with a smooth, cared-for look that is obtainable in no other way.

Comfort

One of the best ways to get full benefit from the cream you choose is to make your creaming-time a pleasant interlude in the day. Certainly you can slap cream on your face haphazardly as you dash to bed; but the results will be better if you turn on some music and sit down comfortably while you do the job.

Work in good light so that you can see your face and neck clearly, and keep a generous supply of clean tissues and sterile gauze or cotton pads on hand. You'll find yourself enjoying the soothing, relaxed period.

Creaming movements are always up, up, up, and you work gently and delicately. Remember to tuck up your hair or wear a head-band that draws it out of the way.

Smooth on a small amount of cream. You can always add to the amount, but it's hard to work with a lather of gooey cream. Dot it in small dabs over your face and neck rather than applying a big blob in one area.



APPLY just enough cream with your fingers.



START with the neck and work upwards.



CREAM sides of nose, then up and under eye.



WIPE OFF. Apply light film of non-greasy cream.

Now, starting with the neck area, and remembering the back of the neck as well as the front, smooth up the cream with the fingertips. Stroke upwards, without applying pressure to the delicate tissues of your skin. Gently stroke until the cream begins to dissolve; then start working upwards across your cheeks towards your ears, up from your chin.

Smooth some cream across your forehead, then stroke upwards, too. Double-cream the nose and chin for extra protection against blackheads.

Wipe the cream off thoroughly with tissue; then, if you're preparing for bed, smooth on a lighter film in the same way. Non-greasy and vanishing cream will make it possible to protect and smooth your skin without making you look unattractively greasy, and without soiling linens.

BETTER GROOMING

plexion. Complexion depends on a really clean skin.

Unless you are one of those rare individuals who are allergic to one of the ingredients of soap, there is no reason to hesitate about soap-and-water cleaning. Whether your skin is dry or oily, you can wash it, and should, with a mild soap or soap product used with water.

Before dunking your face, however, cleanse your skin with cream. The cream you choose will be heavy and rich if your skin tends to be dry; it will be a lighter cream if your skin has an oily tendency.

Apply it as you would a beautifying cream (see pictures on this page), dotting it on forehead, cheeks, chin, and neck (don't ever forget your neck), and smoothing it over the skin surface. Clean it off with a tissue and then "rinse" with a second application of cleansing cream.

The first time you try the creaming method you'll be shocked at the amount of dirt

planning to apply a night cream you may leave this step till after the washing operation and subsequent creaming.

Now for the wash. Use lukewarm water and a fine washcloth (if your skin is dry), or a complexion brush (if your skin tends to be oily).

Washing

Suds your face thoroughly in little circular motions, going over every inch of your face and neck. Even if you're combining your face-washing with a shower or bath, treat the face and neck area as a separate unit, creaming the soap into your skin more thoroughly than on other parts of your body.

Now rinse, with the tap running a supply of clean, clear, lukewarm water, or under the shower spray. Just as you should rinse your shampooed hair long after you are sure all the soap has been removed, rinse over and over until every last bit of soapsuds is washed away.

Don't neglect other skin areas, especially the back. Scrub often.

General health is enormously important. Eat simple, healthful foods; avoid rich, sweet, greasy ones.

Sunshine, fresh air, and a large amount of rest and sleep are "musts."

It would be nice if these were the only things necessary to ensure a clear and glowing complexion. But outbreaks of pimples may continue for the time being. The important thing is not to become discouraged while they last.

ing complexion flaws that can never be repaired.

It is possible to remove some blackheads safely. Use hot water and wash the area, then, with antiseptic cotton-wool pads to mask the fingertips, squeeze them gently.

Finish off by applying alcohol to the trouble spot.

Young skin needs special, daily care. A thorough sudsing followed by a long rinsing process is the beauty treatment for teenage skin. Do it as often as four times a day to help cleanse the skin of oil.

A TEENAGE PROBLEM — ACNE

● Just when appearance matters most—when you're starting to go out and want to look special — skin troubles start.

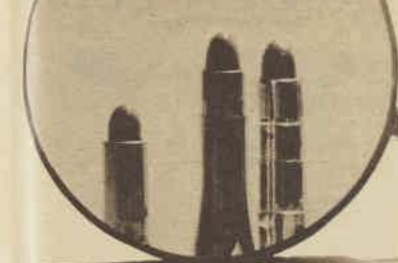
THERE'S no justice. But there are ways to help.

Let's look at the problem this way: Because teenage skins are almost always oily, there's constant danger of acne. Blackheads are the first warning, so if they are severe, with an oily shine to the skin, consult your doctor right away.

He can probably prescribe a drying and healing lotion.

Don't pick at blackheads or pimples; it could easily cause an infection, or acne pits may form, caus-

How to apply your make-up



● Don't overload your face with cosmetics. It's more glamorous to make-DOWN than to make-UP.

Being your own beauty expert needs practice, patience . . .

HERE'S what you need to know about the art of make-up.

FOUNDATION AND ROUGE

● Just as a skilled painter won't attempt to paint a room without applying a good base coat to make the finished coat smooth, even, and the right color, so you should apply foundation as the base of perfect make-up.

There are many varieties of foundation; you can choose a heavy cake make-up that is applied with water and a sponge (the trick here is to use plenty of water in order to get a thin, smooth surface); you can select a creamy lotion, a liquid, a liquid cream, or solid cream cake—the kind you choose will

depend on your type of skin and your own preference.

Women with oily skins will probably do better with cake make-up or a liquid. Dry skins, however, take well to a creamy-type lotion, even an actual cream or a liquid foundation.

Solid-cream cake make-up is applied with the fingertips. Dab it in little dots all over the face and then smooth it into a complete cover. This is a handy kind to carry in your purse.

The creamy lotions are also dabbed on, then smoothed over the skin. A light touch is best here, too. You can always add more, but it's not so easy to remove evenly if you put too much on.

A liquid is applied with cottonwool for smoothest effect. It does not give quite as opaque an effect as with other types; but for good skins it has a luminous look that is wonderfully fetching.

All these, of course, are foundations with color. You can use a cream that is just a surface to which powder will cling. You might prefer this if you've never used a foundation.

With foundation preparations you can achieve deceptive effects—by using a dark shade to make areas recede, a lighter shade when you want to call attention to a feature.

Rouge comes in creamy liquids or dry powders. Apply the cream over foundation, under powder, the dry powder over powder. A light touch is the important point to remember in applying rouge. Experiment to find the correct position for your face shape.

EYES
● In order to make the most of your eyes, you need to use three cosmetics perfectly: eye-shadow, eye-pencil, and mascara.

These, along with brow grooming, can deepen or enlarge your eyes, make them seem farther apart or close together, or even appear to change their color.

There are two eye make-up looks—the natural, unadorned one or the frank cosmetic look. Both can add to your beauty.

You might do well to try both techniques and compare the two looks critically. It's fun to experiment.

A girl with deep-set eyes, for instance, who is creating her own shadow, may do without shadow entirely or choose a soft brown that is almost invisible. She should concentrate

on her lashes, applying mascara two or even three times until they are a velvet soft fringe around her eyes.

The girl with pale grey eyes will usually concentrate her attention on vivid eye color—blues, greens, lavenders—even on her lashes, to dramatise the changing softness of her eye color.

The girl with pale grey eyes will forgo the doe-eyed look, concentrating color in the centre of her eyelids. The girl with eyes too close together will splash color on the outer edges of her eyes only, and extend the corners with a lid liner.

Try applying eye-shadow with a brush—a clean, new lip brush will do—if you want

with its delicate line, can round the lines of your lips to help improve the shape without advertising the deceit to the world.

Steady your hand by holding the little finger against your chin and placing your elbow on a flat surface. Your brush should be filled with lip color, your brush movement slow and relaxed. Don't purse your lips or twist them into strange shapes. Instead, relax them; you will find the result more natural.

Extend the color line to the full corner of your mouth and tilt the line up to "build in" a pleasant expression. Fill in with the brush or use your lipstick.

What color? Almost any shade, depending on your complexion, the time of day, the dress you are wearing, and your mood of the moment. Your lipstick "wardrobe" should include several shades and at least one of each of the color types: true red, orange-red, pink-red, and deep blue-red. Within those categories there are many variations.

For instance, in the orange-red family there are pure oranges (wonderful in summer with a deep brown tan), and pink oranges, usually called coral. And there are new colorless lipsticks to use as an undercoat under other colors. They seem to give new excitement to standard colors.

POWDER

● Face powder adds a bloom to the skin—a delicate, matt finish that completes your make-up. New, finer textures and ingredients make powder



PRACTICE is needed for perfect eye make-up. Keep day make-up simple—dress eyes up with shadow, defining lines, for special occasions, when glamor is the note.

cling well and also permit the natural glow of your skin to shine through.

Choose a foundation first, then a powder, one in a matching shade or perhaps a shade lighter. Light powder tends to camouflage wrinkles.

Powder is available in the traditional, loose form, and in pressed, solid cakes.

The loose powder gives the kind of long-lasting all-over coverage that starts you out perfectly; the solid compact of powder will see you through the day without spills or mess. Apply face powder over

foundation for best results. Use clean pieces of cottonwool, and, starting at the neck, pat a thick layer all over your skin until it is completely covered. Then brush it off with a soft brush, leaving just a covering of color and tone. "Set" the powder with another ice-cold pad.

Choose powder colors as carefully as you do your foundation. If your face is rosy, tone it down with a beige shade; if your face is sallow, choose a pinky beige or rose powder; for evening choose a paler shade of powder.

Beauty chores a pleasure

to have a subtle blending of color.

For evening, choose shadows that have an iridescent quality, for eye-catching glamor.

LIPS

● Lipstick should always be applied over a "clean" mouth, one that is free of traces of the last lipstick application. You'll get better results, however, if you work over a covering of foundation and powder.

Use a lipstick brush for outlining your mouth. The technique of using one needs practice, but the result is so much better than using lipstick alone that you'll find it's well worth the effort.

As today's look in lips is a natural one, only a brush,

THE LOOK IS LUMINOUS

● More than ever the fashion-focus is on vivid eye-coloring that gives a sparkle and lift to your whole face and personality.

YOU will use a slim, sable brush to paint on your eyelids those exciting colors—vivid blue or watercolor-green, deep violet or muted grey.

But, although cosmetics are very important, you need more than a paint-pot for luminous, lovely eyes.

Reasonable daily care is essential.

You need eight hours of sleep every night, and, except for the odd break, there should be no skipping, no cheating.

Diet and exercise are also essential to clear, shining eyes. Have your eyes examined annually, work in adequate light, and remember to look away from your work from time to time to rest them.

Too much glare, smoke-filled rooms are hard on the tender tissues of your eyes. Protect them with sun-glasses;

bathe them with lukewarm and cold water every morning. Never rub your eyes or try to remove a cinder yourself.

Go for an examination if you have one of the following conditions: Watery, squinting, a sandy feeling, red lids, puffing, styes, a twitch, an achy or tired feeling.

Read sitting up, with your book 12 inches from your eyes.

Here are two simple exercises for tired eyes:

● Cup your hands over your eyes to shut out light and close eyes for a few minutes.

● Roll your eyes up and down and from side to side. Do this a few times.

You can refresh your eyes by bathing them in lukewarm water and applying cottonwool pads moistened with lotion. Warm pads relieve tension; cold pads help reduce any swelling.

Now for applying the glamor.

To frame your eyes properly, your eyebrows should be groomed. Don't alter the natural line of your brows, but pluck straggling hairs that spoil their clean shape.

Apply a hot wash cloth to the brow area, then hold the skin taut, plucking in the direction the hair grows, to make the process as painless as possible.

How much should you pluck? Between the eyes, pluck enough to keep your brows from beetling, and gently arched.

Most girls find that using tweezers once a week is sufficient to maintain the line. The outer tip of the brow should be no lower than the inner tip and extend about a quarter inch beyond the outer corner of the eye. If your brows aren't quite wide enough, you can pencil with light, darting strokes to fill in the brow line.

You will find techniques for applying eye make-up elsewhere on this page. Here are some tips for special problems:

● Small, dull eyes—use an eyelash curler so that eyes are not shaded by lashes.

● Pale eyes—use darkest mascara thickly to contrast with skin.

● Deep-set eyes—thin the brows from underneath, and pluck between brows.

● Circles—cover with a foundation that's used like lipstick, in a shade lighter than your regular base.

HOW TO USE SHADOW: Protruding eyes need brown shadow on the lids, careful grooming, and curling-up of lashes. To make eyes look farther apart, use more eye-shadow at outer edges of the lids. If eyes are too far apart, shadow inner corners of eyes. Centre shadow for prominent eyes.

Caution: Dyes or coloring agents which are claimed to have a permanent effect should be closely checked before trying them.

The fashion red...the elegant red...the new red...



'Fifth Avenue Red'

by Revlon

From the fashion street of the world
... New York's Fifth Avenue ... comes
Revlon's new color—'Fifth Avenue Red'
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In Revlon's extra-creamy 'Lustrous' or extra-lasting 'Lanolite' Lipstick, Regular and Frosted Nail Enamel to match.

The lipstick case is a fabulous 'Futurama'—designed by New York jewellers, Van Cleef & Arpels.

Regular	Nail	Enamel	'Lanolite' or 'Lustrous' Lipstick in 'Futurama' case
		8/11	13/6
Frosted	Nail	Enamel	Lipstick refills for 'Futurama' case
		12/3	8/9

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for MY type of hair!



If you're a teen-ager having your first perm
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HOME PERM

Wonderful Toni! It gives the sleekest, slickest wave to the most wayward head of hair, a soft lustrous wave without a whisper of dryness. And you can style it tight and tidy, or carefree and frolicsome. Wash straight after waving, if you wish.

THERE ARE TWO OTHER TYPES OF TONI

Regular for no-problem hair that takes a wave easily.

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Toni SUPER

for teen-age hair, first perms or hair that resists ordinary perms



WHOLE HEAD KIT, 13/- • TIP TONI FOR END CURLS, 9/-

Shape-makers for you

● There are two ways you can change your figure. The first is by dieting, either to gain or lose weight, and the second is by regular daily exercise.

OUR 30-days-to-beauty diet which appears in next week's issue will solve your diet problem; the exercises on this page will help to streamline your figure nicely.

Regular exercise firms your muscles, tones your flesh, and pushes the pounds around.

Even if you're planning to diet, even if your weight is right for your frame, you can improve your figure firmness by regular exercise.

These exercises may be done



STRETCH way up and out (left), then see if you can touch the toes of your left foot with the right hand (right).

● **For Bulging Hips:** The purpose here is to "spank" your buttocks and hips, so do it lying on a flat, hard floor. Lie on your back, knees up, arms across chest. Roll way over on the floor on one side, then roll way over on the floor on the other side. Repeat 10 times.

at your sides. Lift the body so that the buttocks are supported by your hands, legs straight up in the air, toes pointed (as in the bicycle exercise you probably learned at school). Now, alternating right and left legs, touch the floor, swing other back towards your head. Do five times.

● **To Reduce Legs:** Keep your heels on the floor and bend down in a crouch position, your arms straight out. Straighten up without touching floor.

● **To Reduce Calves of Legs:** Sit on floor, weight on hands



two by two, as in the pictures, or you may link the whole six together to form one routine. They all depend on alternate stretch and relax motions, and in order to do any good at all you must do them regularly.

When you stretch, remember to stretch w-a-y out, or up, or over. Then, when you relax, relax completely, every muscle limp, to get the full benefit from the exercise.

Are you slender, yet bothered by bulges on hips, waist, tummy, or thighs? If so, spot exercises are for you and we offer these shape-making suggestions:—

BEND forward on left knee (left), stretch right leg way out. Figure at right is ready to twist at waist, pinwheeling arms.

● **To Whittle the Waist:** Lie on your back on the floor, legs stretched out. Put your hands on hips. Pull the upper body as far as possible first to one side, then to the other. Try to go so far that you literally squeeze the roll of fat around your waist. Repeat 10 times.

● **To Reduce Thighs and Abdomen:** Lie flat on floor, arms

behind body. Pull knees towards chest, with feet on floor near buttocks, toes turned up. Slide right leg forward with a slap. Repeat with left leg as you pull right leg towards chest. Alternate legs.

● **For Plump Shoulders:** Lying on the floor as in the hip-spank exercise above, twist the upper body from side to side on the floor. Do 10 times.

● **Another One for Hip-slimming:** Lie flat on stomach, with your head resting on folded arms, legs together and outstretched. Raise left leg, holding knee stiff, and describe a wide circle. Without resting your leg on the floor, describe 10 complete circles. Now do the same with the right leg. Over a period, work up to 30 circles.

NOTE: As with diet, check with your doctor before starting an exercise programme.

SWITCH to right foot (left) and the left hand. Pose on right is finish of knee-bend, stretching the left leg.





Pretty hair—tops in eye appeal

● You can have hair that has color and sheen, that feels like silk. No magic potions are necessary, or secret techniques—just a commonsense hair programme.

teeth). So learn to eat for beauty's sake—you will find helpful tips in the Beauty Diet next week.

Regular shampooing must be supplemented by daily care, too. You must brush your hair daily if you want it to look lovely. Use a brush in each hand if you can manage it, bend well over, and brush from the scalp down to the hair tips, rolling the bristles to make sure they reach every inch of hair.

Massage the scalp frequently. Use your knuckles if you want to make sure that your nails don't scratch the skin. Really tug at your hair, to stimulate the scalp.

Once your hair is healthy and happy-looking (the result of that daily brush-massage-diet-sleep care, plus regular shampooing and conditioning) you're ready to think about a style.

New technique

Invest in a good haircut and a good setting, even if you must set your hair yourself for weeks after your salon visit.

Style depends on shaping, setting, and color. And, of course, on you.

New ways of shaping and cutting hair, new setting techniques, and, most of all, new coloring methods have made hairstyling a fashion industry in the past few years.

A good haircut does more than determine the length of your hair. It shapes your hair,

"cuts in" body, or cuts out excess hair (by thinning, tapering, layering the hair). For this reason we suggest that you have your hair cut only by a professional. Home techniques are, almost without exception, not good enough.

What style will you choose? Before you commit yourself irrevocably, consider the shape of your face, your personality, the color of your hair, and any particular feature problems.

BETTER GROOMING

Ask your stylist's help. A hairstyle, no matter how extreme, can be adapted to suit any girl, but the adaptation depends on the skill of the stylist.

Before you take the plunge consider color. The chances are you've been toying with a change of color. The subtle variations in man-made hair-coloring are nothing short of amazing, and these days a color switch isn't a do-or-die thing. You can try out color by experimenting with color sprays and rinses that can be removed by shampooing. A very light rinse may be all you need to lighten and brighten drab hair or to deepen present color for more dramatic effect.

Your decision about a hair-



SKETCHES show one method of forming pin-curl from the scalp; you may prefer to work from tip of hair strand, curling it towards scalp.



style should depend, to a certain extent, on the kind of life you live. Beauty also depends on suitability.

Whether you rarely enter a salon or whether you have a weekly appointment, it's a beauty basic to know how to set your own hair properly.

A good set starts with clean hair. If you work carefully and set it with painstaking care, this setting should last until your next shampoo, with occasional curl resets in between.

The hair should be moistened with wave lotion of some kind—heavy if your hair is fine, light if you have thick hair. Moisten the hair evenly with cotton-wool dipped in lotion. Part the hair carefully. You can tell a professional set by the precision of the parting.

Curls come next. Choose different curlers for different purposes, and set each area of the head in a different way. For loose, soft curls and waves, use rollers; for tight ones for the current bouffant style. For tighter curls, pin-clips in a medium size; for back-of-the-neck tightness and bangs, small pin-clips.

Take the same small amount of hair for each curl (a narrow strand ensures curling), wind the strand around your finger if you are making a pin-curl, as shown in the sketches on this page. Wind around two fingers for a looser curl, and clip the hair lightly so that the ends stay tucked in.

A good setting depends on the foundation of a good perm. You can't expect to have a lasting set if your hair lacks the body and the tendency to curl that a good permanent provides.

If you have been giving yourself a home perm, it's a good idea to shop the market before you select yours. There have been so many changes in them in recent years.

Perm choosing

You can buy them by the quality of your hair (fine, coarse, medium), by the color (there are special permanents designed for tinted or grey hair), or by method (there are perms which have the lotion built into the end papers).

Whether you have a permanent or not, be sure to let your hair dry thoroughly after setting.

Your hair is healthy, you have a good permanent; perhaps you've tried a new color and you have the best set you've ever had; but still you've got the problem of

wispy hair-ends and a lack-lustre look about your hair.

What to do? Depending on the quality of your hair, its thickness and natural tendency towards dryness or oiliness, you will choose a creamy dressing, a light spray, or a no-nonsense heavier type spray to control your hair. The kind of hair control you select will result from trial and error.

If you follow all the suggestions given here for hair care, there shouldn't be an emergency that sets your hair on end. But even beauties are human, and at some stage you are bound to find yourself half an hour away from an important appointment with your hair looking a mess.

Rub briskly

Here's what you can do! First rub your hair briskly with a soft towel to remove surface oil, then brush it vigorously so that it stands on end. Now pin it into place. Spray with a hair-setting spray either before or after pin-curling, depending on the directions given with the spray.

Then, covering your hair with a shower-cap, run the hot water until there is a cloud of steam in the bathroom, and stay in it for a few minutes before you take your shower or bath.

Finish dressing and making-up, but don't comb out your hair until the last possible minute. Your hair may not look as perfect as it does with a set that started with a shampoo, but it will have some bounce and life.

Every wardrobe should include at least one becoming turban, beret, or other hair-concealing hat to wear on days when even emergency measures won't do, for travelling, or for protecting your hair from rain.

We have given you the solutions to your hair problems. But they will not turn you into an eye-catcher unless you take advantage of them.

CAREFUL setting, as for this deceptively simple style, lasts longer and ends daily pin-curling.

IT will help the do-it-yourself hair-beauty programme if you can establish these hair habits:

● Wash your hair when it needs it—not by the calendar but by sense. Dirt and oil weigh the hair down, so it falls limp and lank; and because the scalp perspires (it's skin, too), hair that has been left too long unwashed has an unpleasant odor.

Before you start to shampoo your hair, wash your combs and brushes. You want two sets, so that the daily brushing will not be interfered with.

Brush your hair before you shampoo it, to clear it of dust and excess oil, and gently massage the whole scalp with the fingertips.

Now rinse the hair in luke-warm water, using a shower or

hand-spray. Apply the full force of the spray through every part of the hair to loosen scalp particles; then shampoo.

Choose a shampoo that you like—whether it's a cream or liquid. You will get good results if you follow directions.

Lather completely, then rinse thoroughly. That's the secret to shampooing beauty into your hair.

Rub briskly with a soft towel, then brush your hair—in the sun, if possible. A dryer is a great help for long-haired girls, who should work from under the hairline, all around the head, to avoid tangles.

Don't forget that sleep and balanced, nutritious meals are a MUST for hair beauty (this is true also for your skin, your figure, your nails, and

At home with your hands

FIRM skin (made smooth by protective preparations), clean nails (kept clean by suds and a nail sponge or brush), well-shaped nails and carefully applied polish—the result of regular mani-

● Whether your hands are the "fashion" type—long, slim, with tapered nails—or whether they have short, stubby, capable fingers, you can have attractive hands.

curing and tending—are within everyone's reach.

If you have problem nails, naturally it will take a little

time to get them right. Leave off colored varnish for a while and use a reconditioning and protective base.

Each night at bedtime use a nail cream, inserting it beneath the cuticle with an orange stick. From time to time dip your nails in slightly heated oil.

Below are shown the steps for a perfect manicure. Follow them faithfully every week. Daily push back cuticles with a soft towel after you wash your hands, and apply lotion after every washing.

Very long fingernails should always be cut before they are filed, as persistent filing may cause damage to the nail.

When removing old nail varnish, take a piece of cotton-wool, soak with oily remover, and press it firmly on to each nail in turn. Hold a second, then draw cotton-wool towards you to save spreading the color on the surrounding skin.

When the nails are free of varnish, it's a good idea to apply an emollient nail cream for extra care.

Your manicure should last a full week, with only a touch-up here and there if you use your hands a great deal.



CLEAN: Wet and soap a sponge, then put fingers inside, clench hand. Do thumbs separately. Remove varnish.



SHAPE: File nails with emery board to proper shape. Picture shows angle for filing to avoid cutting corners.



LIFT cuticle gently with orange stick after softening with warm soapy water. Always lift before pressing.



VARNISH: Remove all traces of cream, clean under nails with cotton-wool, dry hands before applying varnish base.



SPREAD fingers on flat surface. Apply first varnish coat lightly, allow to dry, then slightly heavier second coat.



SET HARD, dip cotton-wool-tipped orange stick in varnish remover, clean round edges of nail for stray lacquer.

"There's no other beauty soap quite so gentle," says Anne Baxter. Like so many other beautiful women, this lovely star has always used Lux.



ANNE BAXTER co-stars in Hecht-Hill-Lancaster's
"THE SUMMER OF THE SEVENTEENTH DOLL"

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"...so pure, so mild... the soft creamy lather... and the way it softens your skin..."

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9 out of 10 Hollywood Stars depend on Lux.



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audience, and waited for more. In quick succession she disposed of the Kings of England, what to do for snakebite, the principal products of South Africa, and the Battles of Falkirk, returning flushed with triumph to her chair.

The compere was smiling richly, beckoning to a teenager with boot-black lashes and raspberry-stained mouth. No, the teenager giggled, she didn't know what a syndicate was, not if it didn't have something to do with lottery tickets, that was.

The fat lady lost her string bag. The teenager tossed her urchin cut and went back to her chair with her consolation prize, which wasn't to be opened till after the show.

It was Laurence's turn next. The fat lady put her string bag on the floor so she could laugh without upsetting it. She settled back with a pleased smile to watch Laurence confess he had never heard of Trebizond, an Alembic or Marie Bashkirtseff. No, the compere assured him, an Alembic wasn't an animal and Marie wasn't a film star. Laurence cringed in his chair, clutching his little consolation prize envelope, and trying not to think of Emmaline.

When the show finished, after more wordy praise of soup, Laurence was allowed to open his envelope. Two theatre tickets fell out and a slip of paper.

"Here's your prize," it announced. "Provided you go tomorrow at twelve-fifteen to the gardens, strike up an acquaintance with a young lady you have never met before and persuade her to accompany you to the show."

Laurence gazed at the slip in appalled silence. The mere thought of accosting a strange girl and persuading her to go to a show with him made him prickle all over.

He looked up into the bored grey eyes of an elegant young

Continuing . . . CONSOLATION PRIZE

(from page 19)

woman whose dark head was on a level with his own.

"Understand it?" she asked mockingly.

"Er . . . yes." His voice added: "And who are you?"

"I'm Gina Leighton," she informed him. "Producer of the show. You'll be interviewed, with the girl, next week." At Laurence's shudder she added: "Unless you prefer to forfeit?"

It was plain she expected him to. But he had no intention of giving her the chance to laugh at him.

"Oh, I'll do it," he said lightly as though picking up strange girls was an everyday occurrence in his life.

Grudging respect broke up the blankness of her lovely face.

"You won't get away with cheating," she warned curtly. "Someone will be watching you in the gardens. It must be someone you've never met before and don't expect to be there. Understand?"

"Uh huh. But look," his brow was suddenly wet, "if people know, there'll be a crowd. I mean . . ."

"Don't be a fool. We're keeping it secret, of course, or there'd be millions of girls there, hoping for a chance to appear in the show. No, she won't know a thing about it. It will be up to you to get her in conversation long enough to tell her."

How he was to do that kept Laurence awake all night. He thought of many approaches, but all of them seemed decidedly wrong. It was all very well to start to talk, but would the girl listen long enough to hear everything? Decidedly she wouldn't. She would elevate her tip-tilted nose—he was sure it would be tip-tilted—look at him with glacial blue eyes and

look around for the nearest policeman while Laurence was still babbling unhappily of soup.

At nine the next morning Laurence was at his desk in the Diamond Advertising Agency. At ten he was chewing his fingers. At eleven he was having his fifth cup of coffee. At twelve he was moving like a snail downstairs and out into the street. At twelve-fifteen he was across the road from the gardens. At twelve-ten he was



reluctantly crossing the road to stand outside the gates.

And at twelve-fifteen Laurence Gradden stood in the middle of the gardens looking at a statue of a muscled gentleman in a fig leaf, wishing he could turn into a statue himself.

There were plenty of girls. He could see flashes of color wherever he looked. But at the mere thought of going up to one and . . . brhrrh! Laurence shuddered.

But time was going. It was twelve-sixteen. He wondered how long they'd give him. Desperately he looked round and

his gaze fell on a girl in pink. Her nose was tip-tilted, just as he'd imagined, but her eyes were golden-brown, like old sherry. Her hair was the same color and she was wearing an absurd little white hat and white gloves.

She was scattering crumbs for the birds, and hope came to Laurence.

He went forward. The pigeons and sparrows gave him a dirty look and flew off with cries of disgust. The girl said, "Oh!" and looked at him accusingly.

Laurence's collar suddenly felt two sizes too small. He got out: "I . . . it's . . ." then he said "I'm sorry."

She smiled. It dimpled her smooth cheeks and made her sherry-brown eyes sparkle. "Don't be. They'll be back in a minute." And as though it was the most ordinary thing in the world for him to be there, she held out a slice of bread, adding: "Like to feed them, too?"

It was marvellous. It was a miracle straight from heaven, Laurence thought as he dumbly took the bread, crumbling it as the birds came flocking back.

"Do you . . . do you often come to feed them?" he asked at last.

"If I can spare the time. Usually I have to cut my lunch hour."

Laurence was indignant. "Why should you?"

She laughed. "Well, our clients wouldn't take kindly to me rushing away and leaving them half set, or half manicured or something. Now, would they? I have to stay till I've finished whatever I'm doing."

"So you work in a beauty salon?" He might have expected it. She looked so trim

and charming. "But don't you go back late when you've left late?"

"Goodness, no. I have other appointments at one, you see."

"It's not fair. I . . ." Laurence broke off, horrified at the thought of what he'd been going to say—something about how could he take her to lunch if he never knew what time she'd be available.

He gulped and was silent while the birds circled their feet, pecking industriously. The sun shone on them both and caught the little pearl buttons on her frock.

Without thinking, he counted aloud in the old, childish way: "Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, rich man . . . you'll marry a rich man."

She looked startled, then followed his glance and laughed. Suddenly serious again, she shook her head. "I wouldn't like to marry a rich man. It would be no fun at all if you had only to reach out for a thing whenever you fancied it. It's much more fun saving up and looking forward to things."

He was glad she felt like that. Perhaps . . . he gave himself a little shake and said: "But if I were rich I could afford Emmaline's operation."

Of course he told her about Emmaline then, and from there it was just a step to telling her the whole story of Townley's Soups and the quiz show and his consolation prize, with strings attached.

"And so . . ." she began at last.

"So I spoke to you," he blurted out. "And I'm glad."

The sherry-brown eyes were warm.

"You want me to go to the theatre with you?"

"If you'll come. But . . ." his brief happiness faded, "they'd want you to go on the show and tell how we met."

"I won't mind." She laughed,

scattering the last of the crumbs. "The bird lovers in the audience will lap it up. I'd love to come," she finished simply.

Laurence felt as though the sun was shining more brightly than it had ever managed before. He walked at her side towards the garden gates, then asked abruptly: "Which way do you go?"

"Down here."

"So do I." In surprise he stopped short. "Why, I don't know your name yet. Yet I feel we're . . ."

"Friends? So do I. I'm Judy Donald."

"Where do you work . . . Judy?"

She told him and he said: "We're just half a block from each other. That's all, Judy."

"And yet we've never met before."

"No. I wonder why?"

She chuckled. "Perhaps because you didn't need a permanent wave or a facial!"

His laughter joined hers. Suddenly their hands were linked. They moved jauntily down the street, standing silent a moment at the parting place.

He said in sudden nervousness: "I don't know—it's a lot to ask. What will you say in the interview, Judy?"

"I'll think of something," she promised and with a little wave was gone.

But as she went into Madame Helga's she wondered what she would say. She could hardly admit she'd been in the audience last night, or that Miss Leighton had, that morning, under the dryer, told her about the condition he had to fulfil.

After all, no girl wants to admit that she finds a lanky young man so attractive that she gives her lunch to the birds just so she can meet him.

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IT'S GREAT TO GET RIGHT IN CLOSE TO THOSE CRISP, GOLDEN KELLOGG'S[®] CORN FLAKES! To take a whiff of their toasty goodness...their fresh, tantalizing, straight-from-the-ovens aroma! Then...wonderful moment!...to taste a mouthful! No doubt about it! Kellogg's Corn Flakes are the richest-tasting breakfast cereal of all! Rustle them into your plate tomorrow! Enjoy them every morning for better, brighter breakfasts!

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COLORFUL and attractively arranged pear and apple dishes illustrated above include apple porkettes, blushing pear sundaes, upside-down apple pie, spiced pears, Waldorf salad, and pears Maraschele. See recipes below.

APPLES & PEARS

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**, OUR FOOD and COOKERY EXPERT

● Now touched with the first frosts of autumn, apples and pears are popular fruits that are most adaptable in cookery. They can be used in sweet and savory dishes.

THESE vitamin-rich fruits have a bland flavor that makes them suitable for a great variety of dishes.

Apples and pears both discolor once the peel is removed. To prevent this happening and spoiling the appearance of the completed dish, coat the peeled fruit with lemon juice or drop into a bowl of salted water until ready to begin cooking.

No collection of apple recipes would be complete without an apple pie. On this page we give a recipe for a new version of this old favorite—upside-down apple pie. Do try it.

All spoon measurements in these recipes are level, and quantities given are sufficient for six servings.

APPLE PORKETTES

Six medium-sized apples, butter, 1lb. fore-join pork (bones removed, meat cut into small dice), 2oz. good shortening, 1 finely chopped onion, 1oz. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, stuffed olives, salad pieces to garnish.

Cut a thick slice from top of each apple, remove core and a little of the apple pulp without cutting right through. Place a little butter in each apple, arrange in baking-dish with 1in.-depth water, and bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Meanwhile prepare filling: Heat shortening in pan, add diced pork, brown on all sides; remove, drain on white paper. Add chopped onion to pan, saute until

lightly browned; remove. Add flour to pan, cook 3 minutes. Stir in milk and continue stirring until sauce boils and thickens. Add salt and tomato sauce; mix well, fold in meat and onions. Continue cooking further 15 minutes. Spoon meat mixture into apple cups, return to moderate oven and bake 15 to 20 minutes or until meat and apples are cooked and thoroughly reheated. Garnish top of each apple with slice stuffed olive, serve with radish roses, sliced onion, and celery curls.

UPSIDE-DOWN APPLE PIE

Two ounces butter or margarine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup walnut halves, 2-3rds cup brown sugar, 12oz. shortcrust pastry, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups home-cooked apple pulp, juice of 1 lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, cream.

Soften butter, spread over base and sides of 8 or 9 inch tart-case or flan-ring. Press walnut halves into butter; sprinkle with brown sugar. Pat lightly with fingertips, being careful not to disarrange nuts. Roll out half the pastry into large round, place into tart-case. Place apple pulp in basin, add lemon juice, sugar, cinnamon, and nutmeg, mix well. Fill into pastry-lined case, moisten edges with a little milk or water, cover with balance of pastry rolled to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness. Trim and decorate edge, cut 2 or 3 slits into top of pastry. Bake in hot oven 12 minutes; reduce heat to moderate and cook further 40 minutes or until cooked. Allow to stand 5

minutes, turn out on serving-dish, top with whipped sweetened cream.

BLUSHING PEAR SUNDAES

Six cooking pears, 2 cups water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon red food coloring, 2 cloves, vanilla ice-cream, strips angelica.

Peel pears, cut in halves, remove cores. Put water, sugar, and cloves in saucepan, bring to boil. Add pears and coloring, cover with tightly fitting lid and simmer 10 to 15 minutes or until pears are tender. Drain and cool. Place two scoops ice-cream on each individual serving-dish, arrange 2 pear halves on each, decorate with angelica strips to represent pear "stalks."

Note: If pears are not coloring sufficiently during cooking, allow to stand in syrup until ready to serve. In this case, cook pears until barely tender, to prevent breaking up.

WALDORF SALAD

Two or 3 red-skinned apples, 2 sticks celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise, lettuce cups.

Cut apples into dice, leaving skin on. Combine apples in basin with diced celery and walnuts, mix in mayonnaise. Place in refrigerator until ready to serve. Line serving-bowl with crisp lettuce cups, fill with chilled apple mixture.

SPICED PEARS

Four to 6 pears, whole cloves, stick cinnamon, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, orange curls, lettuce.

Peel pears, cut in halves, remove cores. Stick 2 or 3 cloves into each pear half. Bring sugar and water to boil in saucepan, add

pears and cinnamon stick (broken into small pieces). Cover and cook until pears are tender. Lift out pears carefully, drain, and allow to cool. Serve on platter on bed of lettuce garnished with orange curls and pieces of cinnamon.

PEARS MARASCHELE

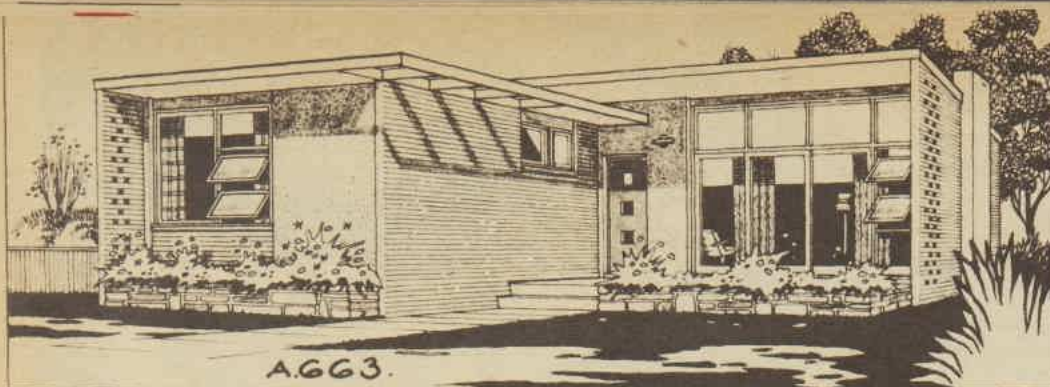
Six to 8 pears, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1-3rd cup sugar, thin strip lemon rind, juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ small bottle maraschino cherries.

Peel and halve pears, remove cores. Drop into boiling syrup made with the water, sugar, lemon rind, and juice. Simmer until pears are almost soft. Add cherries and cherry syrup, simmer further 5 minutes. Remove lemon rind. Chill. Turn pears and cherries into serving-dish, serve with ice-cream.

GINGER PEAR DESSERT

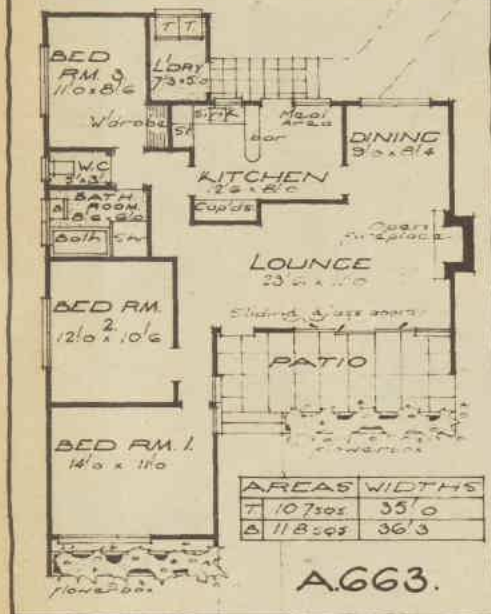
Six pears (cooked in a sugar syrup), 1 cup ginger-flavored biscuit crumbs, 1-3rd cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2oz. butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Drain pears from syrup, reserving $\frac{1}{2}$ cup for use later. Cut pears into thick slices, place one-quarter in base-greased ovenware dish. Mix biscuit crumbs, sugar, flour, and lemon rind in basin, rub in shortening until mixture is crumbly. Sprinkle one-quarter of mixture on pears in dish. Continue in this manner (alternate layers of pears and crumb mixture) until ingredients are used, finishing with crumb layer. Combine lemon juice and the reserved pear syrup, pour over contents in dish. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes or until top is golden. Serve hot with cream.



A.663.

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH of Home Plan No. A663.
Large windows are featured in the lounge.



GROUND PLAN of the house shows an L-shaped layout with living-rooms in one wing.

Simplicity in modern plan

● The floor layout of this week's home plan can be used with several exteriors—the one shown at left, or a more conventional style with a pitched roof.

THIS design is one of "signature" home plans by Melbourne architect Mr. F. T. Humphryis. It illustrates the effectiveness of simplicity in modern home designing.

Plans for this house can be bought, or ordered by post, from any of our Home Planning Centres (see panel left).

The interior layout is so designed that the exterior can be adapted and the style shown above replaced with a pitched roof and more conventional appearance. All that is necessary is a new drawing prepared to individual instructions.

In the perspective sketch above, a wide overhanging relieves the severe line of the roof and incorporates an open screen section along the front entrance. Honeycomb brickwork has been used for sections of the outside wall.

Ornamental flower boxes add touches of color.

The living-rooms are built on an open-plan design, although the dining section could be treated as a separate

room by adding a screen wall or sliding doors.

The third bedroom is in such a position that it could be added to the building later on without any problem of roof construction. It has a built-in wardrobe fitted into a recess of the wall.

The working zone in the kitchen is compact, with everything to hand. A curved bar provides storage space and makes an excellent serving-table. The refrigerator and floor and overhead cupboards are in a recess which allows them to be flush with the wall.

Approximate cost of building would be:

In New South Wales: Brick, £5045; timber, £3615; fibro, £3385.

In Victoria: Brick, £4495; brick veneer, £3965; timber, £3115; fibro, £2925.

In South Australia: Brick, £3615; timber, £3175; fibro, £2995.

In Queensland: Brick, £5035; timber, £3275; fibro, £3165.

In Tasmania: Brick, £4795; timber, £3275.

In Canberra: Brick, £5415; timber, £3725.

Where to buy this plan

THE plan shown on this page can be bought for £7/7/- per full set at any of our Home Planning Centres. These Centres, which have been established in conjunction with leading stores, offer a comprehensive service to the intending home-builder.

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£5 Prizes in our Peanut Contest



• This week's three £5 Progress Prize winners in our £1235 Peanut Recipe Contest are given below.

YOU can send in as many recipes as you like in any or all sections of the contest, but remember that peanuts or peanut products are an essential ingredient.

Mark the envelope containing your entries "Peanut Recipe Contest" and send it to Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

1. Cakes and biscuits

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. J. Gill, 152 Russell St., Toowoomba, Qld.

PINEAPPLE PEANUT LOAF

Half cup chopped roasted peanuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon shortening (melted), 1 cup crushed pineapple, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 cups flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.

Sift together flour, salt, sugar, baking powder, and soda. Stir crushed pineapple and melted shortening into lightly beaten egg. Add dry mixture to egg and pineapple. Stir quickly until all is moistened. Lightly fold in cheese and peanuts. Turn into greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Cool before cutting. Serve sliced and buttered.

2. Desserts

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Overton, Somerville, Vic.

PEANUT COFFEE CREAM

Two and a half cups milk, 2 tablespoons ground or powdered coffee, 3 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup crushed unsalted roasted peanuts, fresh or tinned fruits, glacé cherries.

Heat $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk to boiling, add coffee, and stand 5 to 7 minutes. Strain, add to remaining milk and pour into top half of double boiler. Beat egg-yolks with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, add a little of the milk coffee, blend well, return to remaining milk coffee in double boiler. Stir over boiling water until mixture coats back of spoon. Turn into basin, allow to cool slightly. Soften gelatine in cold water, add to coffee custard, and stir until mixture begins to thicken. Fold in honey, 1 cup whipped cream, vanilla, peanuts, and egg-whites, beaten until stiff and mixed with remaining sugar. Turn into wetted mould or serving-dish, chill thoroughly. Serve with remaining whipped cream, fruits, and cherries.

3. Miscellaneous

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. R. G. Fryer, 2 Cowrie Street, Mount Austin, Wagga, N.S.W.

SAVORY TRAY

Cheese and Salted Peanut Savories: Blend half cup chopped salted peanuts with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of grated cheese. Add one dessertspoon finely chopped onion and sufficient mayonnaise to moisten to spreading consistency. Spread on rounds of buttered bread, garnish with finely chopped or grated beet-root.

Carrot and Peanut Butter Appetisers: Grate a small carrot, add 2 tablespoons mayonnaise or thick salad dressing. Blend in half cup peanut butter and spread thickly on buttered fancy wholemeal bread-shapes.

Celery Balls: Mix 6oz. cream cheese to soft consistency with fork. Add 1 tablespoon minced celery, season to taste with mustard or horseradish, salt, and pepper; mix well. Dip teaspoonful in milk, roll in finely chopped or crushed peanuts. Chill well and serve on cocktail sticks with small crisp biscuits.

Celery Fingers: Stuff 2in. or 3in. lengths of young crisp celery with cream cheese flavored with salt and pepper. Sprinkle with cheese and finely chopped peanuts. Chill.

Olive and Peanut Appetisers: Crush $\frac{1}{2}$ cup freshly roasted peanuts. Mix with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped olives. Stir in $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons mayonnaise and at the last minute add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of shredded lettuce or chopped celery. Spread on small cheese biscuits.

Award for American sweet

• An American sweet which is becoming popular in Australia wins this week's prize in our regular recipe contest.

FOR variation, add coffee powder, grated chocolate, finely chopped mixed fruits, nuts, or crushed tinned pineapple instead of the cherries in this prizewinning recipe.

All spoon measurements are level.

CHERRY CHEESECAKE

Two cups biscuit crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed spice, 2 tablespoons cold water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, grated rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, 1 tablespoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, 2 eggs (separated), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 8oz. cream cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream or evaporated milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped glacé cherries, extra glacé cherries and whipped cream to decorate.

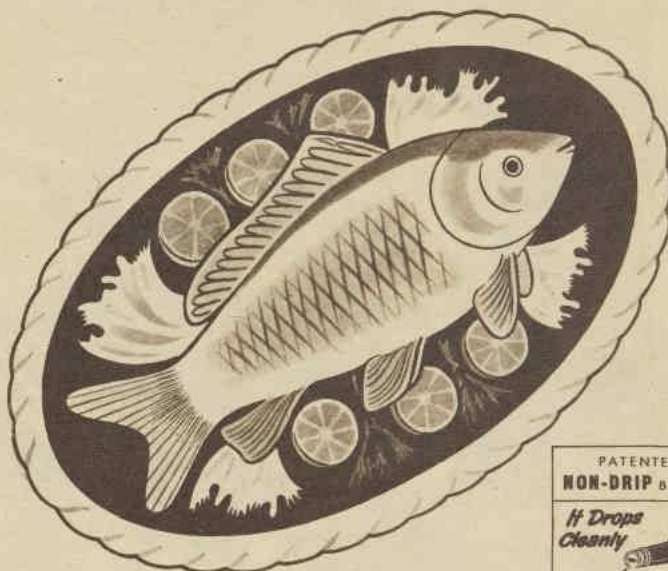
Combine biscuit crumbs, melted butter, and spice in basin; mix well. Grease 8in. flan, spring-form, or cake-tin and press crumbs over base and sides. Chill until firm.



CHERRY CHEESECAKE, illustrated above, makes a luscious sweet to serve on special occasions.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 8, 1959

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Because it's aged like fine wine, Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce has a spicy flavour that's mellow too! Makes fish. Try this:

For each pound of fish, mix 2 tablespoons of melted butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon seasoning salt, 2 tablespoons Holbrooks Worcestershire Baste. Taste. Wonderful!



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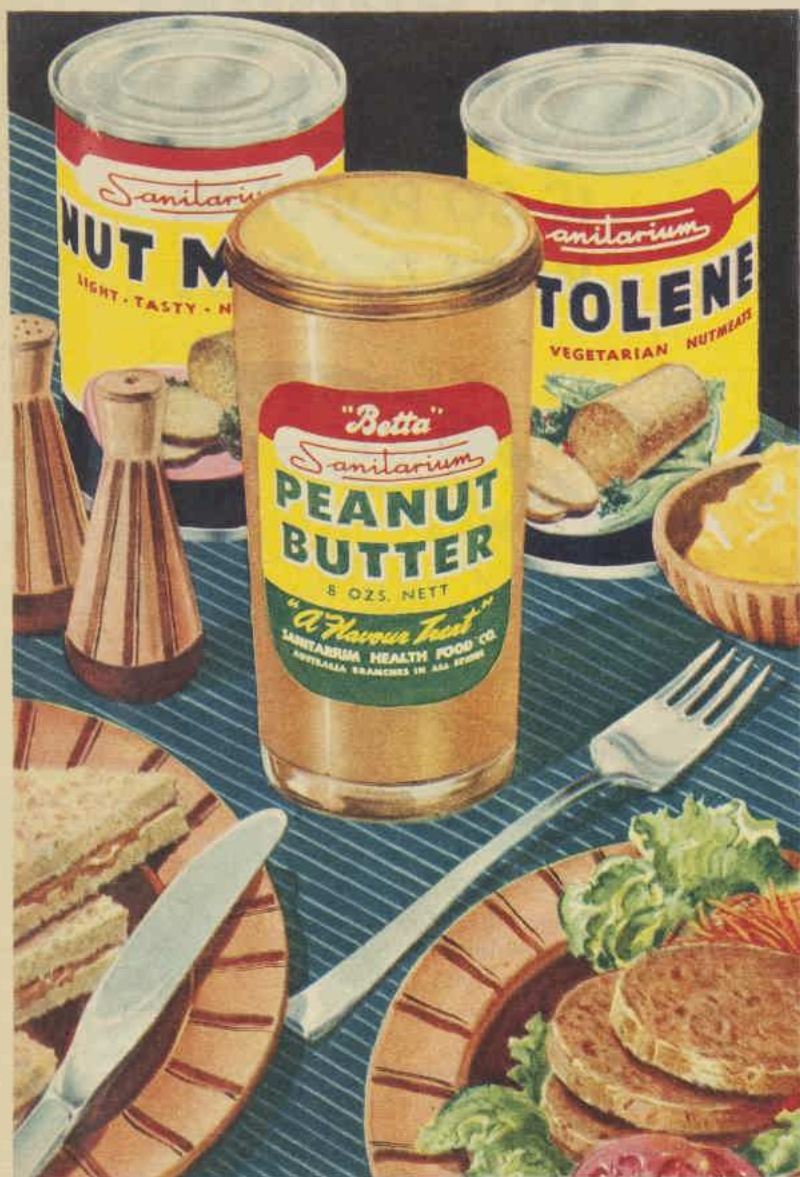
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Sanitarium Peanut Butter* — the golden rich spread that's a complete energy food! Has more protein than lean meat, and is a valuable source of Vitamin B, calcium, iron, and phosphorus. Perfect for hard-working husbands, and fun-loving children! They love that true PEANUT flavour! That's because it's made from the plumpest peanut kernels, slow-roasted and ground as carefully as coffee.

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* Known as Peanut Paste in some States

SANITARIUM NUT MEAT

A happy blending of choicest nuts and whole grain products. Makes a tempting, nourishing sandwich filling; is richer in protein than lean meat. Slice it straight from the tin for salad or savoury platter. Grill or fry as a main course dish.

SANITARIUM NUTOLENE

Another appetising energy-packed spread! Tasty like Nut Meat but finer in texture. Yielding about 325 calories per gram, it's an outstanding source of energy. From all grocers.

Sanitarium

for peanuts at their very best!



AGAPANTHUS thrives in moist places. It is a sturdy, bulbous plant with either blue or white flowers. Sometimes called Star of Bethlehem. Plant either in winter or spring.

Plants for the wet

● Damp places in a garden often are regarded by novices as liabilities, yet many plants appreciate dampness, and do well with adequate sun and nourishment.

SUCH species as agapanthus, ginger plant (the true ginger) as well as the false ginger plant—hedychium—will thrive under such conditions.

Watsonias, too, flourish under very damp conditions, and so do cannas, arum lilies, Japanese and Siberian irises, Solomon's Seal, acanthus (oyster plant), funkia (plantain lily), lythrum roseum, the lovely blue Himalayan poppy (meconopsis), kniphofias (red-hot poker), phormium tenax (N.Z. flax), and senecio clivorum, a tall, sunflower-like plant that blooms in autumn and winter.

These plants and many others revel in sodden conditions, making otherwise lifeless, drab corners real beauty spots and centres of restful greenery and color.

For showy colors few bog plants can excel Japanese irises, which grow to about 3ft. with flowers often 8in. across. In a sunny aspect they will multiply fast and flower profusely for some years.

Iris Kaempferi and Iris Higo, which come

in a wide range of colors, some with ruffles and some doubles, make a beautiful display.

Watsonias, particularly the new hybrid varieties, obtainable in many fine pastel shades, thrive in very damp soil, and in a few years take possession of a very moist spot.

Arum lilies, with shapely green leaves and cream blooms, do well in boggy ground, provided it also has reasonable warmth. Other varieties than the common cream (known botanically as Zantedeschia aethiopica childiana) are Little Gem (dwarf white), Z. Melanoleuca (purple and yellow), and Z. Rehmanni (rose color).

For cooler climates, astilbes, trollius, primulas, anemones such as A. Japonica, and trees such as pussy willow and some native gums also grow well in very wet ground.

GARDENING



IRIS HIGO (above) grows fast and reaches 3ft. in bloom. Easy to grow and multiplies rapidly. Plant April or May.



WATSONIAS, or bugle-lilies, are cormous plants that grow to 4ft. The new hybrids (above) have larger flowers. Plant in autumn.



GINGER PLANT (right) loves wet places and will grow in partial shade. Often used in cooking and medicine. Plant in the winter or spring.

Is this your child's report card?

SCHOOL REPORT CARD

CLASS **4-B** PERIOD **12 MTHS.** DATE **10/12/58**

ATTENDANCE **4 days absent**

SUBJECT	POSSIBLE	MARKS
Social Studies	100	60
Composition	100	55
English	100	65
Writing	100	60
Arithmetic	100	65
Reading	100	55
Dictation	100	60
	700	420

POSITION IN CLASS **36th. out of 50**

REMARKS: *John can do much better - Particularly if he devotes more time to Home Studies.*

L.F. Williamson PRINCIPAL



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ARTHUR MEE'S CHILDREN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA

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Helps girdles, stockings
and shoes glide on easily!

Continuing... A MAN'S CASTLE

[from page 25]

But all Phil added was: "I hope he enjoys the party Saturday night."

They went to sleep without mentioning Buck Barrows' name.

The following day, Friday, Phil arrived home at five o'clock, and the minute he stepped in the house he could feel that the unseen tension in the air had mounted in his absence. Ellen met him at the door, kissed him as usual, but neglected to ask how his day had been. He noticed she was wearing her best suit. Well, why not? he asked himself. He'd left the car for her and the boys this morning and knew they'd planned to go to the races this afternoon.

"Come on in the living-room, Phil," she said. "Buck has cocktails ready."

"Hi," Barrows greeted him. "Martini?"

"Yes, thanks." Phil sat down, feeling like a visitor.

"Oh, by the way," Barrows said as he handed Phil the drink, "I stopped in at a garage with the car. It had a little ping in the motor. It's okay now."

"Oh... well, thanks." Phil noticed a sweet, heavy scent in the room and glanced around. On the fireplace mantel stood

as well as the records, and Barrows had paid for it all. It had ceased to be his party, anyway. Let Barrows handle it all.

But when the guests arrived, Phil was host in name, at least, so he had to pour the drinks while Barrows danced with Ellen, and stayed by her side even while she talked to her other guests.

On one trip from the kitchen, Phil found them sitting on the bottom step of the stairway. Ellen was looking at Barrows as though hypnotised while he talked to her in a low voice.

"We're running out of ice cubes," Phil said to her as he walked by them. "I'm going out to get some."

Barrows was on his feet at once, saying, "I'll go. That store over on the Boulevard sells them, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"If you'll just give me the car keys..."

Phil handed them over and the next thing he knew Barrows was taking hold of Ellen's hand, drawing her to her feet.

"Come along for the ride, Ellen."

"But I... my guests..." she stammered uncertainly. But

"I'll tend to the lights and lock up when Jerry comes in."

The humming in Phil's ears reached a furious crescendo that he could not tolerate. He heard his own voice, loud and firm, "Oh, no, you won't. I lock up my own house at night."

Then he was walking towards Barrows and Ellen while the music played on senselessly. When he reached them, he told Ellen, "Turn that thing off."

Her face was pale, shocked. She stepped back, did as he told her, and the music died with a whine.

Barrows stood motionless. Looking down into that handsome tanned face, Phil said evenly, "I've never ordered anyone out of my house, Barrows, but I'm doing it now. Get your things. I'll call a cab."

The bold blue eyes gave Phil a long, measuring look. Finally, without a word, Barrows turned and walked out of the room.

Phil followed him, went to the telephone in the hall. The cab stand was only a block away. Almost at once, after Phil replaced the telephone, Barrows was coming down the stairs, and the cab was honking at the front kerb.

Phil went to the door, opened it.

At the last minute, on the porch steps, Barrows paused. He cleared his throat and said in a sheepish, boyish way, "I'm sorry. Honest." Lifting his hand he gave Phil a respectful little salute.

Once more Phil looked at the trim blue uniform and it was to Buck Barrows, Air Force officer, that he replied with a deep, honest respect, "Good luck, Captain."

He watched the broad, uniformed shoulders disappear into the cab, watched the cab disappear into the night. Then he closed the door.

He found Ellen standing just where he'd left her. Her face was still pale, her eyes wide.

This was going to be the hardest part of all.

Standing before her, he said soberly, "Ellen, I don't know how... how much he was beginning to mean to you, but as long as you're my wife I want you to act like... my wife."

Her eyes grew even wider and there was a flash of anger in them. "That's just how I want to act. Like your wife. But I can't unless you act like my husband!"

Immediately, the anger in her died and she went on more quietly, in a voice as sober as his had been. "When we're with other people, nobody would believe I belong to you at all, Phil. Sometimes I've thought you just didn't care enough about me. Maybe that's what I've been thinking these past few days. I don't know. Maybe that's what he thought, too. The one thing I do know is that tonight, when you finally did something about him, it shocked me out of it... and I was relieved."

Phil couldn't speak, could only look at her in wonder, feeling the warmth of a new realisation spread through him.

"Oh, Phil," Her voice broke and became a whisper. "How could I let him... how could I get so mixed up... even if you weren't acting like my husband? The way I love you... only you... for ever and ever..."

Silently Phil took her into his arms and held her close, his cheek pressed against her hair. When he felt he could trust his voice he said, "I'm the one who's been mixed up, darling. From now on, believe me, I'll act like your husband." As he said the words it seemed that all around him his home, his castle settled down with a new feeling of security it had never known before.

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the hedge. Crew gossiping was bad enough, but you also never knew where these stories ended. Judd knew perfectly well—whatever his private feelings and sympathies—where his public duty to the fleet lay. Very coldly, he warned her. "Because Captain Gort happened to have an accident . . . stewardesses shouldn't jump to conclusions about his flying."

Defiantly she said, "I didn't jump to any conclusions. I put two and two together."

"And made five," Judd had become suddenly very conscious of being the flight captain.

She said softly, reproachfully, tears not far off, "There's no need to be angry. You see, before you came with us . . . I was . . . well, I'll be quite truthful. I was frightened."

"Why? Did something happen on the London-Ranjibad sector?"

She finished off her drink and shook her head.

"Well, then . . . what's all the fuss about?"

"I just have a feeling . . . when Captain Gort's flying . . . that something's going to . . . happen."

"Then you can forget it. It won't."

"But after that accident, how d'you know it won't?"

"Because Captain Gort had a very thorough check before coming back on the line."

There was a long pause. Then she said: "Captain Dallas gave it to him, didn't he?"

"Of course."

She leaned right across the table. "Then he didn't!"

Judd said roughly, "What d'you mean?"

"He didn't have a thorough check."

"How d'you know? Check pilot, are you? You weren't even on the aircraft!"

He noticed that her hands on the table were shaking. Tears had begun to fall down her cheeks. "He couldn't fail him," she said. "He couldn't fail Captain Gort."

"Why not?"

"Because . . ."

She fumbled in her bag for a small lace handkerchief. Sniffing a little, she said, "I'm sorry. I shouldn't be going on like this." She started to move. "I think we should go."

But Judd stayed where he was. "He was interested. It began to dawn on his mind that the two topics of conversation since the departure of the Stricklands had certain connections. More than that, they had something to do with the problem that had been uppermost in his mind for the past three weeks. No matter his official position, this was a time to extra- inside information that would otherwise be denied to him. He had no great well of sympathy, but he stirred up what he had and put all of it into his voice as he asked, "Because what, Joyce?"

"Because of the daughter!"

The words came out with a sudden stark anger. "How can Dallas fail Captain Gort . . . when he's so struck on his daughter?"

"Struck?" Judd knew Gort had a daughter. That was all. "How d'you know?"

"I've seen her! I've seen them together! And he's always going round to the Gorts!"

He studied her carefully. He said what soothing words he could think of to her, while behind the mask of his face his calculating machine had started to tick over. He was impressed with her sincerity: the story had the mark of truth on it. There could be no doubt that Dallas had treated her shabbily. Apparently she had been superseded by the Gort girl. No wonder she was so bitter. The story certainly explained Dallas' intransigent attitude that he had found so unfortunate.

"Anyway," he said finally, "Don't worry about the trip to England tomorrow. Because I shall be coming with you."

The fleet superintendent

Continuing . . . CONE OF SILENCE

[from page 21]

Those words seemed to comfort her. The bright red lip-sticked mouth even managed a pale smile at him, as he helped her—a most unusual gallantry for Judd—into the taxi.

Back in his room, he undressed carefully, folded his clothes with an almost clinical neatness. He walked over to the dressing table and stood in front of the mirror, thinking of the extraordinary disclosures of the evening.

He had never liked Dallas, but he had never really doubted his general competence and trustworthiness. That he could make mistakes—yes, of course. But never had he suspected anything like this.

His thin lips curled in contempt for a man who could so be twisted round a female finger. Then he lifted his briefcase off the glass top of the dressing table. Opening the brass catch, he took out the bundle of dry stalks, wrapped in newspaper, that he was preserving for a passage to England.

He looked at it. He shook his fair head, wiser now in its new-found knowledge of the ways of men. "Well, I'll be damned!" he said.

They arrived at London Airport in Phoenix Victor Mike with 79 passengers on a wet Saturday morning—after an excellent trip.

Captain Judd could not have been more charming or more amiable. He took off from Ranjibad, Braddock did the landing at Cairo. But after that Captain Gort did all the flying, with the flight captain beside him in the right-hand seat.

Now Gort seemed considerably more cheerful. He became almost talkative. He reminisced. Judd listened politely. Only once was there the remotest sign of disagreement between the two of them, sitting up there in the nose of the Phoenix, when just before the let-down to London through grey wet cloud Gort said gruffly, "I wasn't all that low coming into Calcutta."

Judd could afford an indulgent smile. He had decided that he had no real quarrel with Gort. The man had put up a good show over that explosive decompression. More than that—for the reputation of the Phoenix—he had kept it decently dark. He just wasn't a Phoenix pilot, that was all. Probably rather too old. Like all his breed, he would, of course, swear black was white. The flight captain murmured, "Well, George . . . I wouldn't say you were, only—"

"That stuff on the wheel? Can't understand how it got there. You know, I've been thinking—"

Then London came up on the R/T, peremptorily ordering them to descend to 11,000 feet. They were held on the Epsom Range. Half an hour later, through the driving rain, Gort brought the Phoenix down to make what is (for some unaccountable reason) the sweetest and most prideful essence of a pilot's life: a silk-soft landing on the wet surface of the home runway.

After Customs, the crew as usual went over to operations to collect their mail and to look at the roster. From over by the alphabetical cubby-holes, where he was sorting through the Bs, in a friendly sort of way Braddock called out, "When are you out again, George?"

"Not till Tuesday week."

"Nice long time in."

Gort wrinkled up his nose. "Too long," he said.

"Captain Manningham . . . if it's convenient, Captain Judd wants to see you for a moment."

The fleet superintendent

looked up in surprise from the report he was reading.

"Judd?" he said. "Oh." And then: "Well . . . all right."

A moment later, through the open door came the route inspector in a lounge suit, his face suitably grave, carrying his briefcase.

"Hello, Edward."

"Hello, Clive. Take a seat. Back early, aren't you?" inquired Manningham.

Judd's eyes looked at him significantly. "I expect you can guess why."

"In this job . . . I gave up guessing a long time ago."

"You knew I went out to check pilot operation on the route?"

"So you told me."

"Well . . . first, I checked Leyland." He paused. "Very good."

"I'm glad."

"Next . . . I checked Gort."

Manningham said, "There's a bit of trouble with George Gort down the route."

Dallas looked up quickly. "What's happened now?"

"Nothing's happened," Manningham said stiffly, "just a check he had from Judd."

"I suppose he came back and said 'George was unsatisfactory'?"

"You've taken the words right out of his mouth."

Dallas put his hands in his pockets and went over to sit on the desk. He took out his case and lit a cigarette. He smiled.

"Look, Hugh," Manningham said. "We're all in this together . . . but George is on the Phoenix with your blessing."

"They're all on the Phoenix with my blessing."

"You said George was satisfactory, and now—"

"Now I still say he's satisfactory . . . till it's proved to me he's not. Well . . . what does Judd say?"

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



He paused again—a longer pause this time. "Unsatisfactory . . . I'm afraid."

Manningham said evenly, "In what way?"

Judd shrugged his shoulders. "Generally unsatisfactory."

"That doesn't tell us much. Can't you be more specific?"

"He came in too low at Calcutta. Dangerously low."

"So you feel he should be suspended?"

Judd hesitated. "Well . . . of course, that's for you to say, Edward. Your pigeon. I wouldn't want to—"

He stopped dead and waited for Manningham to say something.

The fleet superintendent leaned back in his chair and said, "Oh, Heavens!"

By that he meant to convey his exasperation with a problem that instead of being finished and done with a couple of weeks ago was instead getting bigger and more unmanageable. Then he picked up the telephone, and got on to operations.

"When's Captain Gort going out again?" he asked.

"A week tomorrow, sir."

"Thank you," Manningham relaxed a little as he observed to Judd, "Anyway . . . we've got a fair amount of time to sort this thing out."

He became conscious that Judd was looking at him curiously. More abruptly than he meant to, he said, "All sorts of considerations come into this. This afternoon . . . I'll get hold of Dallas, and see what he says."

He saw the training captain after lunch: at last an office had been given him near the fleet superintendent's and he was settling the furniture in it when Manningham came in.

"All right . . . is it?" he said.

Dallas wedged a green filing cabinet into position in a corner and wiped the dust off his hands. "Not too bad."

Moodily, he walked back to his desk, almost as though it might help him. It was a good desk. Dark blue leather, unpolished elm. He liked it in the same way as he liked the firm feel of his chair, the decor of his office, his name on the door, his special place in the car-park. These were some of the compensations for the feel of an aircraft rising under your hands, the sight of the northern lights he had seen so often on the Atlantic run, the dawns and dusks and the sunsets, for the curiously ever-young companionship on the flight deck, for the sweet satisfaction at the end of a trip of another good job chalked up behind your name.

And why couldn't Gort see it? The time came for everyone. Why not take this golden opportunity when it presented itself?

For most, there was no such compensation. They had to invest their pensions in garages, country pubs, or market gardens: unless they could stomach knocking on doors till the management found a safe minor job for them. Gort was getting it on a plate. And what did he do? He pushed it away.

The trouble was the man's obstinacy. He never would budge, once he'd made up his mind. By five o'clock that afternoon Manningham had almost decided to take an aircraft off the line, and get Dallas to give him another check—a really severe one. That would be the best way of doing it, and something must be done today. He had, in fact, his hand outstretched to the phone, when his secretary came in and said, "I'm sorry, but Captain Braddock wondered whether you could spare a few moments."

When he nodded, the Australian came in and stood in the doorway, red-faced and frowning.

"It's about my Phoenix training," he said, sitting himself awkwardly in the chair that Manningham waved him to, accepting a cigarette, and nodding his thanks.

"How are you getting on with it? All right?"

"I was. No aircraft now. Haven't done a training trip for weeks. Very irritating . . . I'll forget all I learnt—"

His voice became nasal with a mixture of disappointment and truculence.

"Nothing we can do about it, I'm afraid," Manningham said. "Captain Dallas will have told you . . . he can't even get aircraft for checks. They're tied up at Atlas with tests of their own."

The Australian smiled ruefully. "Looks like another trip as third pilot."

"Third pilot?" Manningham began to smile sympathetically, half getting up himself to help him away. Then he sat back.

"Of course," he said. "You've just done one with Captain Gort, haven't you?"

"Gort and Judd," Braddock said with slight emphasis.

"Good trip?"

"Yes. Pretty fair."

Deliberately slowly, Manningham asked, "Didn't you hit the hedge at Calcutta?"

Braddock said nothing. There was a long silence. Then Manningham leaned slightly across the desk. "What happened exactly?"

He was not sure why he had asked. He expected the Australian to shrug his shoulders and leave it at that. But instead, Braddock looked genuinely uncomfortable and said, "I thought you knew."

"All I know is that Captain Gort hit the hedge, coming in to land."

"Well . . ." The Australian hesitated. "Bit more in it than that."

"What?"

All Braddock did was to clear his throat.

"Where were you," Man-

ningham prodded, "for the landing?"

"Up front. In the navigator's position."

"So you'd get a good view. Well, then?"

Braddock was looking almost purple with embarrassment. It was obvious that the conversation had acquired a flavor of tales-out-of-school.

Manningham said slowly, "The incident has come to my notice. Obviously some action must be taken. As Captain Gort was in command—"

"It wasn't his fault."

"Why not?"

Again the self-disliking shrug. "Judd kept on at him . . . not to use the short runway . . . Then he kept on telling him how to do the approach. Needling him. Then—"

"Go on."

"Kept telling him he was too high. Not just telling him. Reducing power, and putting down the flaps without being told. Still," Braddock went on with faint cheerfulness, "I will say this for Judd . . . when they found the stuff on the wheel he did say . . . 'I'm afraid I hit the hedge.' I reckon he knew it was rather more than six of one and half a dozen of the other."

He looked around as though wondering if now he might go. And when Manningham said nothing, as though in apology: "Everything went fine after that." He pushed back the chair, and the rather clumsy movement dragged Manningham's eyes up to him. "We'll see what we can do about your training," he said automatically.

"Thank you," the Australian said, as though now he wished he'd never come about it.

When the door had shut behind him, Manningham sat for a long time quite still. The problem of Gort was even further away from a solution. In fifteen minutes Braddock had neatly tipped the kaleidoscope and altered the whole pattern.

One thing was certain: the check was not for the time being all-important. It could wait.

Next day Manningham arrived at his office later than usual. The night had brought him no wise counsel. But he was determined to settle it at once. Then everything conspired to slow him up. Judd wasn't in his office when he phoned. There were half a dozen routine matters that could not be postponed any longer. And then, just as he finished, the phone rang and it was a summons to the president.

A talk with the president was the last thing he wanted. He knew that the chat would be about Gort and what had been done, or rather not been done, about him.

When he was ushered in the president came out from behind his desk to welcome him, which was not a good sign. And exactly as he had known, it was just this question of Captain Gort and this job.

Manningham grasped the permitted breather of accepting a cigarette, having it lit, and bringing over an ashtray. He crossed his legs and furrowed his brow. "Well, as I told you, sir, he turned it down."

"That was over a fortnight ago." The president smiled. He was a slight man, light on his feet, full of points and planes, so that he seemed made up of an arrangement of shaded triangles. "Captain Judd tells me"—he rearranged his cut-glass inkstand with finicky exactitude—"that there's every likelihood now of Captain Gort accepting our . . ."

He paused long enough for the words "extremely generous" to be silently expressed—"offer."

His long pointed chin raised

To page 52

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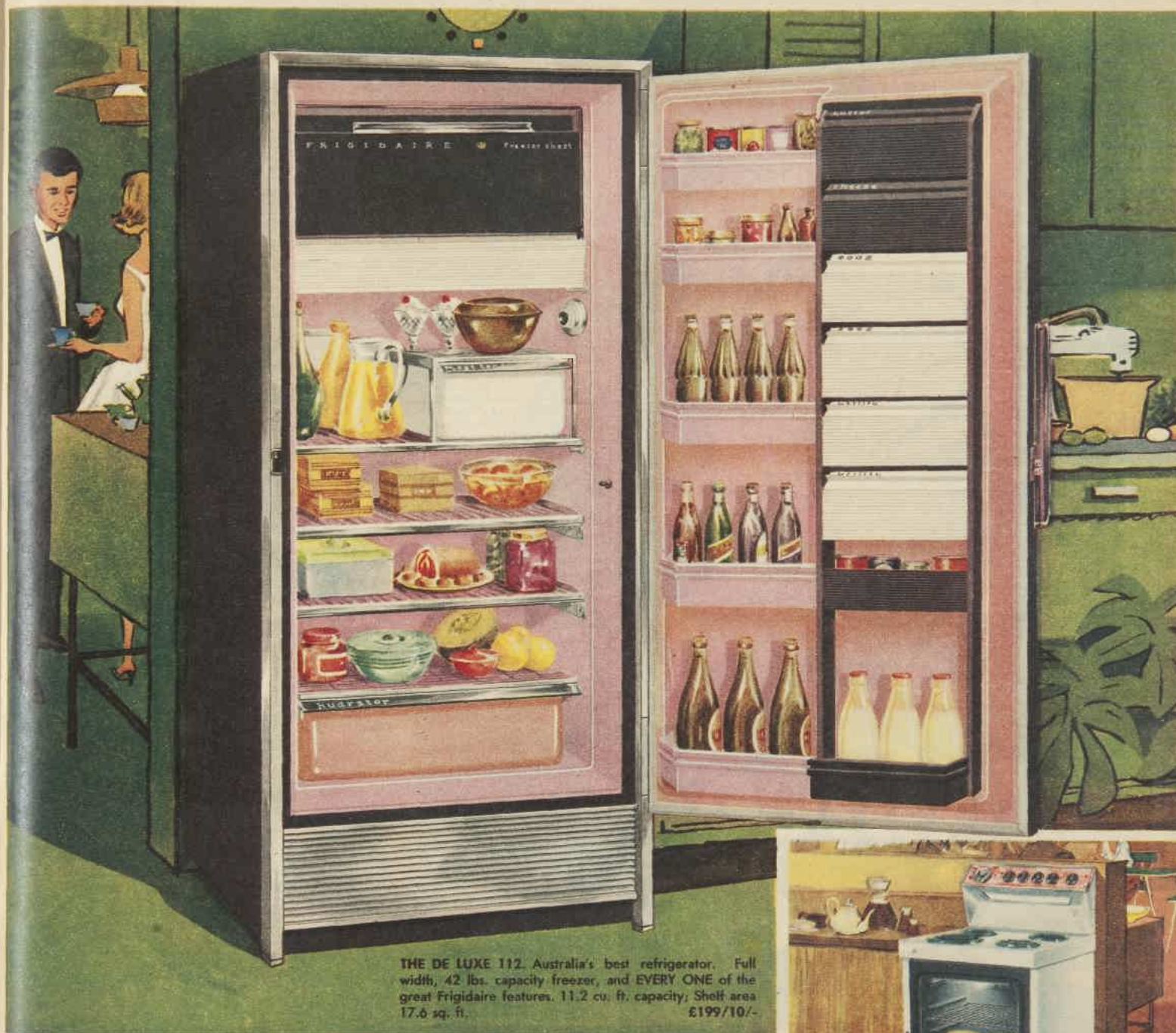
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Continuing... CONE OF SILENCE

from page 50

... have a word with Judd. A good man, Judd."

But the president had exaggerated. There were not ways. One way, one way only. A check. The failing of a check. Nothing short of that would convince George Gort. Nothing could be more final or outwardly, anyway, more fair.

Back in his office, Manningham made his plans. It was odd, he thought, no matter how hard you tried, in the end you bowed to the inevitable. He pondered the positions on the route of the various aircraft. He rang up maintenance.

There, he obtained the one reasonably bright spark in a troublesome few days. Dallas could have Victor Lima for training as soon as it came out of the hangar from an 80-hour inspection. When would that be? A pause. Saturday afternoon, maybe. Sunday morning.

Manningham made a note. He was just pondering how best he should tell Gort—You

Judd narrowed his eyes, glancing out of the window as though he had just noticed something that interested him far more than this conversation. "I didn't know then."

Manningham gave his shoulders an irritated shrug. "Didn't know what?"

"That he's biased."

"Nonsense! Towards Gort? The reverse, if anything."

He looked at his watch. He was about to say, and now I'm sorry but I'm busy, and add some slight remark about time spent with the president, when Judd said, "Not towards Gort. Towards Gort's daughter."

Manningham began, "Gossip. I don't suppose he even knows —"

"Not just gossip. I don't think I ought to tell you..." Nevertheless, he did. In all the detail that Miss Mitchell had told him, with a few small theories of his own added on.

"So you see"—Judd inclined his fair head. "Unfortunate. But there it is. We can't risk him, can we?"

Manningham said nothing. He had no intention of com-



"The boys at the office (watch the socks) still talk about the way you told off the boss, Harry."

know, George, it's this matter of your route check... this landing... another check with Hugh... pure formality—when there was a knock on the door.

He called, "Come in." And then there was Judd—smiling, easy, lazily alert.

"Well," he said. "All fixed?" Manningham moved his papers on his desk and said casually, "About what? Gort, d'you mean?" Then, shrugging his shoulders. "Yes. Another check."

"When?"

"Saturday."

"Should be sooner."

"Can't be sooner." Manningham's mouth tightened.

Judd smiled amiably enough. "All right. I said it should be sooner. At least you'll agree there."

"I don't know about that. I'm not so sure it was entirely Gort's fault. That landing, I mean."

"No?" Judd's face darkened. He pulled over a chair and straddled it backwards.

"Who says so? Gort? Dallas?"

"It's possible that you did it!"—Manningham measured his words slowly—"between you."

"Gort was doing the handling."

"You were doing the talking."

Judd flushed. "Sounds like Dallas. Sounds like his guess..." because I'm not an instructor. He raised his voice higher. "And that check..."

I don't want it done by Dallas."

Manningham looked up sharply.

Judd said, "You looked surprised."

"Of course I'm surprised! Dallas is the only training captain at present. He checked Gort before. You didn't object."

mitting himself either way. He had a fleeting picture of Charlotte, a momentary reflection that she did not strike him at all as Dallas' type. But then—

he had already heard rumors about Dallas. Now his reluctance to check Gort became colored with the idea that it was because Dallas knew he couldn't fail him. When he couldn't get out of it—he'd made the best of it. He had never known Dallas quite so enthusiastic about a check. Was it to reassure both Manningham and himself?

He began wondering what he should do now.

Of course, he knew. He was well aware of the action he would have to take. But not at the moment. He'd wait till he'd had a good night's sleep. Then he'd take an aircraft off the route. He'd get an independent check pilot. He'd tell Dallas. He'd tell Gort. He'd arrange it all. He'd see that everything was done for the best. But not tonight.

Tomorrow.

In the morning it was raining. He snapped at his wife, and she was irritatingly nice about it. He drove to the airport—wet hedges silently dripping—wet roads, wet tyres—everything was hushed and dreary. He opened his mail and then reached for the telephone and said, "Now."

At the other end of the line, maintenance were, as usual, exasperated. No, he couldn't have an aircraft earlier. Only if tomorrow's service was delayed.

A long pause. Very well, if tomorrow's service was delayed, then he could have Victor Delta for three hours this evening.

Then he phoned Captain Bateson. He closed his mind to

the thought.

He closed his mind to

the thought.

He closed his mind to

the thought.

He closed his mind to

the thought.

He closed his mind to

the thought.

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exactly what he was doing by telling himself that Bateson had already been nominated as Dallas' new assistant, now the training section was being expanded. Bateson was experienced and, after all, another opinion, an independent opinion (and quietly to himself, an unbiased opinion), would be the answer. He would then have done everything he could possibly do — no matter what happened. He would let Dallas know, straighten it up with him, some other time.

He thought, after he'd phoned a surprised Bateson, in this job you begin by distrusting someone, and you end by distrusting everyone.

But he was delaying the worst phone call. He knew that. Deliberately delaying it. He swelled around from his moody contemplation of the airfield. The rain was clearing a little. The August sun was yellowing the shallow pools along the tarmac. He gave Gort's number and waited. He kept standing. Odd, somehow it gave him more authority.

He had the opening phrases all ready. Hello, George. Hope I didn't get you up. Gort was an early riser.

He would protest, as he always did, that he'd been up since six. And before that wondering expectant pause . . . Gort had very little telephone small talk . . . he'd say, chuckling, perhaps . . . look, what's this I hear about you moving half the hedge at Calcutta . . . a chat about it . . . then, fact is Judd wants another check on your landings . . . getting Bateson to do it; Dallas is too busy . . . nothing to it . . .

It was still ringing. On and on. With that empty sound as though no one was going to answer it.

Ever. He put the receiver down. And then thinking George, as he often did on his stand-off, might have come to the airport, he rang operations. Had they seen anything of Captain Gort today?

Yes, they had. Good, when? At seven-thirty. Seven-thirty? Early. Had

they any idea where he was now?

He was estimating Rome in three-quarters of an hour.

Rome? But he's not due out till Monday!

There was that special, just to Ranjibad and back. Leyland had gone sick. Creighton was moving into a new house today. So as usual they had asked Captain Gort—

When was he due back?

The day after tomorrow. As Maningham put down the receiver his main emotion, far larger than either his surprise or his dismay, was an overwhelming sense of relief.

It was a reprieve. Nothing now could be done till Saturday.

One by one, ringed round by hazy haloes, the tin-shaded lamps along the airport road floated past; slowed up; halted in the oblong shadow of the operations room. The rear door of the taxi opened. Along from the boxed-in darkness of the seats at the back Captain Gort stepped out on to the tarmac.

Mr. Robinson was there to greet him with a smile—partly of welcome, partly of pride and personal satisfaction. "A full load, Captain! Every seat taken!" He paused, waiting expectantly and apparently in vain before suggesting, "Captain Judd will perhaps now be pleased."

"Perhaps," said Gort. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his face. "Hardly breathe, can you?"

With the flat palm of his hand, obsequiously the manager presented the wide-open door. "It's cooler inside, sir."

It was—a little. In the neon-lighted room under the fans the first officer stood with his arms folded beside the table on which the navigator was reading off the graphs in the Phoenix operations manual.

Gort nodded at them both. "Evening, Mr. Joynson . . . Mr. Taylor."

The navigator looked up and thoughtfully brushed his lips to

Continuing . . . CONE OF SILENCE

(from page 52)

and fro with his pencil. "We're going to need quite a bit of the runway, Captain."

"How much."

"5300 feet . . . unstick speed 116 knots."

"Let's see." Gort bent down over the table. Again he saw the familiar authoritative sweep of the green straight lines. Unmistakable against their background of squared paper, held in a frame of horizontal and vertical time-bases, neatly numbered, the graphs easily revealed their mathematical truths. Using a ruler for more accurate results, knowledgeably and carefully, Gort extracted the same information from the

Home—the place where the great are small and the small are great. —Proverb.

designs. "That's right, Mr. Taylor . . . 5300 feet. Still leaves us 800 feet of the runway to play with. Unstuck . . . yes, exactly 116."

The captain tossed the ruler back on the table and straightened up. Addressing the first officer now, he said, "Mr. Joynson . . . you and I will walk over to Met now." And before the two of them left the office, to the navigator: "You have the winds, Mr. Taylor? Then start the flight plan to Cairo, would you?"

As the two pilots walked side by side to the meteorological office in the main building, Gort said, "As you know, we're very heavy tonight, Mr. Joynson."

"Yes, sir."

"And there's no need to tell you how hot it is."

"Awful, isn't it? So sticky, sir. Talk about a Turkish bath."

"Which means the take-off must be done strictly in accordance with the book."

"Of course, sir."

"When you call the speeds for lifting the nose-wheel off the ground and for the unstick . . . you must be careful that the speeds you give me are the exact readings of the air-speed indicator."

"They will be, sir."

"Not that I'm doubting you. It's just a point I want to emphasize, that's all. Understand?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Good!" They had reached a lighted glass door behind which there was a low hum of voices. Pushing it open, and himself leading the way, Gort said, "Now let's see what the weather's going to be like."

It was going to be fine; fine all that 2300-mile way, hardly a cloud, and Cairo would be clear. Gort made a joke which the Indian forecaster didn't understand. He was humming on their way back to operations, where the flight plan was all ready for him to check: traffic officers were leading the passengers out to Phoenix Victor Mike, waiting silently on the deserted ramp; Mr. Robinson, anxious for an on-time departure, was urging encouragement to one of his minions in khaki uniform—sweating over the immense complications of the figures and lines on the orange-colored load-sheet—on tenterhooks, till finally he could call out triumphantly: "All ready, Captain. All ready to sign, sir."

With his usual rather ponderous preciseness, Gort sat down and ran his pencil over the form, muttering additions and subtractions under his breath, stolidly re-checking everything the Indian had done, while Mr. Robinson moved from one foot to the other.

"Weight 77,272 kilos . . . C. of G. 2 feet aft of the datum." Gort grunted at last. "That's right! Good . . ."

Watched by a beaming brown face, instead of a tick as might have been expected at the bottom, in big, rather child-like

To page 61

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AVA AS THE NAKED MAJA

● Ava Gardner plays the celebrated 18th-century Spanish beauty, the Duchess of Alba, and Anthony Franciosa (below) the great peasant painter Goya, in the Italian film "The Naked Maja." Goya's painting of that name caused a scandal when the Duchess was identified as the model.

Films WITH AINSLIE BAKER

PIN-UP of beautiful Ava Gardner as the Spanish Duchess in her latest Italian film, "The Naked Maja," an M.G.M. release.



A DUCHESS who thoroughly enjoys the robust inn life of her times, Ava (left) drinks with Franciosa and some of his humble friends.

SPLENDIDLY dressed, Ava, as the Duchess, takes her place (right) among the worldly men and women of the corrupt Court of King Carlos IV.



GOYA'S "scandalous" painting "The Naked Maja" is displayed in the atmospheric trial scene at left. Film's period is the late 18th century, with Spain still under the Bourbons.





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TELEVISION PARADE



Clint "Cheyenne" Walker

BACK IN FAVOR

● Clint Walker, as "Cheyenne," is one of the most popular of the Western heroes on TV (Channel 9, Sydney, 7.30 p.m., Channel 7, Melbourne, 8 p.m., alternate Saturdays).

EXCITING news for viewers is that Clint's long-standing feud with Warner Bros. is over, and he is making further "Cheyenne" episodes.

(Clint retired into the Sierra Mountains last year when Warner Bros. refused to raise his salary. He's been prospecting for uranium there, and was prepared to stay sooner than come back on the old terms.)

Warners told him he could stay in the Sierras, and began making "Cheyenne" with a new star, Ty Hardin.

This decision had an unexpected kickback in Australia, where incensed fans of Clint's began to bombard Channel 9, Sydney, pleading for a better deal for Clint.

The extraordinary thing about this is that Channel 9 never has shown a "Cheyenne" episode without Clint. What is more, they have always had enough "Cheyenne" episodes in hand to guarantee that they would never show an episode without him.

They went to some trouble to let this be known, but fans didn't believe them.

Channel 9 was, at one stage, inconvenienced by the volume of fan-mail about it, and amazed at its tone. Most letters threatened to boycott the station completely if they ever showed a "Cheyenne" story starring Ty Hardin.

Apparently this situation also existed overseas, for now Warner Bros. have withdrawn all "Cheyenne" episodes made by Ty Hardin, and plan to re-issue them later as a new show to be called "Broncho."

The terms of Clint's return are undisclosed, but fans can now relax when they watch "Cheyenne," reassured that their hero's place will never be taken.

HANDSOME Robert Taylor, who held out against TV longer than most of the stars, is reaping a golden TV harvest. He is to get 50 per cent. of the profits from the series "Captain of Detectives," in which he is about to star, no expense spared.

Mr. Taylor is expected to show those perfect teeth of his more than somewhat in the series — it has been sponsored by a toothpaste manufacturer, who is paying 50,000 dollars (about £A25,000) for each network showing.

★ ★ ★
"THE CRITICS," ABC-TV's new session (Channel 2, every second Wednesday at 9.45 p.m.), is a good idea. In it, three critics, Mungo MacCallum, George Kerr, and Peter Benjamin, discuss a current book, a play, and a film.

The set was as bleak as one as I've ever seen, and the three men moved about it selfconsciously, and talked the same way. "The Critics" is a good idea, but I don't think it will ever be any more than that until the three critics feel more at home in their setting, and more relaxed than they did at first.

The perfect setting for it, I think, would be the bar-room one used by Sydney's Channel 9 in "The Westinghouse World of Sport" on Saturday mornings. Round 11.30 a.m. they stage "Grandstand View," which is a discussion on controversial sporting questions. There the discussion rages between three men, one behind the bar pouring the drinks and the other two on the viewers' side of the bar, with feet on the rail.

Even if the sporting discussions in this bar-room setting are contrived, they don't appear so, and it makes good TV. I'm sure "The Critics" needs a setting like this, and an unselfconscious argument to make it popular.



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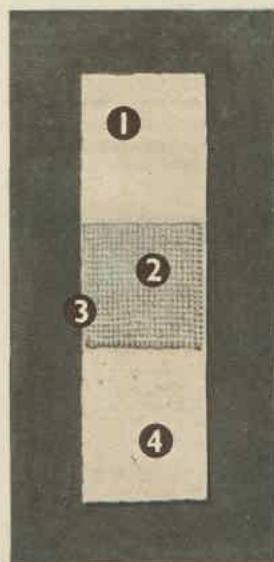
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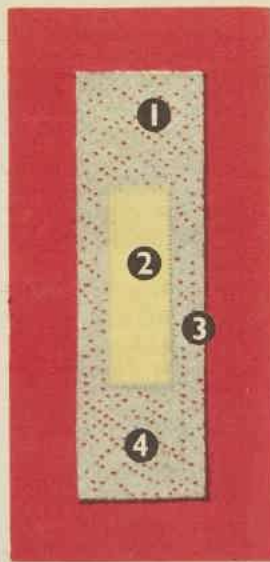
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New Film Releases

★★ ROOTS OF HEAVEN

Fox drama, with Trevor Howard, Juliette Greco, Errol Flynn, Orson Welles. In CinemaScope, Eastman-color. Regent, Sydney.

ONE of the year's most unusual films, "Roots of Heaven," is set in Africa, where the world's largest creatures, elephants, symbols of liberty, still roam free.

As Romain Gary put it in his novel, from which this film was adapted:

"The fight to the death between men frustrated by a more and more enslaved or acquiescent existence, and the last and greatest living image of liberty that still existed on earth, was being played out continuously in the African forest."

Sad Trevor Howard, as Frenchman Morel, who sets out to defend the elephants from slaughter and captivity, gains world notoriety by shooting and wounding an American TV columnist who has come to Africa on an elephant-hunting safari.

Then, joined by a small band of unhappy idealists—Flynn, the disgraced British officer, snaky-haired Greco, as the ruined girl of war—Howard goes into hiding, carrying on a guerrilla fight for the animals he loves.

Director John Huston allows his cameras to sweep the wide African plains, focus on animal dignity, the ignoble motives of politicians, and nationalists who seek to corrupt Howard's aim for their own causes.

The film, a plea not only for beasts but for mankind, is splendidly acted by the protagonists, notably Howard, with Flynn giving the performance of his life.

In a word... IDEALISTIC

★★ THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE

M.G.M. comedy, with Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall. In Metrocolor, CinemaScope. Liberty, Sydney.

REAL-LIFE husband-and-wife team, Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall, play to perfection the parts of harassed father and match-making step-mother of the reluctant deb, Sandra Dee.

The film is set in London in the midst of the 1958 "season," and there is many a dig, gentle rather than unkind, at the wiles employed by eagle-eyed mothers to make sure that daughter meets just the right people; and at the whole rigmorle involved in launching a girl into society.

"Mother does the launching, father pays the bills," runs the script.

Sandra Dee, the American step-daughter coming out in London, meets and falls in love with someone who is not one of the right people. He is another American—and, worse still, is a drummer in a band.

The comedy, and there is plenty of it, ranges from

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

sophisticated exchanges between Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall to slapstick—people listening at keyholes, the caricature of a young Guards officer.

In a word... ENGAGING.

★ HOME BEFORE DARK

Warner drama, with Jean Simmons, Dan O'Herlihy, Efrem Zimbalist, jun. Century, Sydney.

HOLLYWOOD demonstrates one of its neurotic phases in "Home Before Dark," a film concerning a professor's wife who returns home after a year at a mental hospital.

Jean Simmons, haggard as the wife, steps back home into the same set of circumstances which caused her breakdown. Even Dan O'Herlihy (great Irish actor known for his past performance in "Robinson Crusoe") cannot cope with his pompous, professorial part or his soap-opera lines.

In the household, which would get on anyone's nerves, Jean Simmons is the wife Charlotte, Rhonda Fleming and Mabel Albertson her step-sister and stepmother.

Photographically, scenes of the New England village and house interiors have charm, while actors such as Efrem Zimbalist, jun., and Steve Dunn prove that they can charm as well.

The film does not ring true, is rarely sincere, and pitifully wastes the talents of those who appear in it.

In a word... WASTE.

THERE'S a fairly strong tip that Millie Perkins, star of "The Diary of Anne Frank," and young actor Dean Stockwell may be heading for the altar.

FINE news for those who have been waiting to see the "Carmen Jones" team, Harry Belafonte and Dorothy Dandridge, together again is that they are to head the all-colored cast of the screen version of "Moon On a Rainbow Shawl."

This play, by a young West Indian, was first-prize winner in a play competition conducted by the London "Observer." The Australian play "The Shifting Heart," by Richard Beynon, was another prizewinner.

JAMES MASON, Vera Miles, and George Sanders, who will be making his first movie since his marriage to the late Ronald Colman's wife, Benita Hume, will co-star in the thriller "A Touch Of Larceny." Guy Hamilton will direct the film, which goes into production at M.G.M.'s Elstree studios this month.

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characters, the pilot wrote G. Gort. And then he was immediately escorted by the station manager over to Customs to sign the ship's papers.

It was not until they were standing together by the aircraft steps under the high brilliance of the arc lights that Mr. Robinson appeared to allow himself to breathe normally and with relaxation. "Nine minutes before you're due off the check, Captain! Just nice time!"

"There isn't anything else for me to sign, is there?" Gort asked. "You know how they're always adding to the paper work . . . wouldn't want to miss signing anything."

"Now what have you done?" The station manager held up his left hand to count them off on his fingers. "Weather forecast . . . load and trim sheet . . . flight plan . . . passenger lists . . . cargo lists . . . Customs declarations . . . journey log . . . aircraft serviceability sheet. You've signed everything, Captain! You're all right, sir!"

"Right, then," Gort said. "We'd better get moving."

And, waving his hand in goodbye, he mounted up into his glittering silver kingdom which — on paper, anyway — for the next five hours he owned, plate and rivet, body and soul.

Up in the cockpit he settled himself comfortably into the left-hand seat, adjusted the rubber pedals for his long legs, took off his jacket and draped it over the back. "Ah, that's better!" he said, rubbing his hands, and then, to the steward who had come forward to report passengers strapped in and rear door shut: "Mr. Stagg . . . after take-off, a lime juice would slip down very nicely."

"Certainly, Captain."

Continuing . . . CONE OF SILENCE

[from page 55]

"What about you, Mr. Joynson? Sound all right to you?"

"Just the job, sir!"

"Let's have four lime juices, then . . . one for everyone. Oh, and, Mr. Stagg . . . put plenty of ice in them!" And then, in a clipped, efficient, down-to-business tone of voice: "Completed the before starting engine check list, Mr. Joynson?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then start number three!"

Four minutes later, dead on schedule, her whistling engines puffing out behind her a great grey wake of dust, Phoenix Victor Mike moved between the small blue lamps of the taxiway, and took up a position facing the wide row of yellow lights that, slightly inclined to each other, led to the darkness of night ahead.

There, they stopped; there, they completed their checks; there, they were cleared to climb on course, cleared to Cairo at 48,000 feet.

Gort pulled the curtain behind the pilots' tight shut. He put the flaps down 20 degrees. He turned down the cockpit lights till only the phosphorescent numbers on the instruments glowed green in their faces. He took out a handkerchief, carefully wiped the sweat off his face and hands, tucked it back in his pocket. For a moment he sat quite still, staring at the runway lights, one after the other, two long rows of them that stretched, unused, for over a mile ahead of him.

Then he put his right hand on the throttle levers and moved them hard against the stops.

Above the noise of the jets the first officer called out: "R.P.M. checks at 11,500 on all four, Captain. Fuel flows

O.K. Engine pressures and temperatures normal."

"All set, Mr. Joynson?"

"All set, sir!"

Gort released the brakes. Very slowly, rumbling lugubriously on its three wheels, Phoenix Victor Mike began to move, trundled past one light, then another; no urgency, reluctantly even it seemed, no desire to go any faster, to climb up into the night.

And then, gradually, the power of the engines began to take effect. Out of the corner of his eye Gort was conscious of the lights slipping by more quickly.

SHAKING up and down on her oleo legs, the Phoenix pounded on and on. Faster and faster the lights came up, glittering and moist in the hot air, to disappear behind them.

"75 knots!" With infinite care, Gort lifted the nose-wheel off the ground — and waited.

This was the worst time: always the worst time. Now the aircraft seemed to be plunging headlong; the lights flashing by so quickly that there seemed no interruption to them, forming a long illuminated line. And still no sound, no call from the first officer.

Gort's hands tightened on the control column. How many lights ahead of him now? Six . . . yes, yes, six. No, five. Four now —

He could hear the howling of the jets, was conscious of the shaking and quivering of the fuselage as the main wheels rocketed over the uneven surface of the runway.

"116 knots!"

At last, he thought. He eased back the control column, felt with relief the main wheels unstuck.

And then suddenly, the last three runway lights went askew. The right wing had tipped. A juddering shiver came over the aircraft's thin plates as the starboard wheel hit the ground.

Gort tried to ease the nose forward, before pulling up the right wing. But the only result was that the other wheel came back to earth on the port side. Then they were rocking, first forward; then back, further back —

He tried to correct, but though the feel was there from the artificial mechanism all response appeared to have gone from the controls. Nothing he did seemed to make any difference to the aircraft's attitude. The Phoenix wallowed helplessly, as at full power the jets screamed to get airborne.

Remembering, Gort felt the sweat pour down his forehead, stinging his eyes. There were two lights left. Desperately, he fought this high speed lassitude, this unwillingness of the aircraft to leap up into its element. He had to get the Phoenix off. He knew it was the same terrible spasm that had attacked Victor Fox. And now, in the three seconds given him, grimly he struggled to force Victor Mike into the air.

There was one runway light left.

He saw it come up to him almost in slow motion, his sense of time had so expanded. There it was, just coming up to the tip of the port wing! In a last effort he hauled back on the control column, urging with all the power of his hands the sluggish Phoenix to rise. And

failing, called to the other human being who sat beside him, right in the nose of this hurtling machine: "Brace yourself . . . brace yourself, boy!"

The last runway light flashed by. Onwards the Phoenix rocketed, still glued to the ground, till the boundary lights came up to give their red warning and, unheeded, died. But nothing — no, not the darkness that swept out of the horizon ahead to overwhelm them — could shake the steadiness from those tremendous hands.

It was warm, too, in London. Nigel Pickering stood staring out of the open window of the house he rented near his work. To the north-east was the soft pale halo of the city in the night sky. Outside it was windless. Voices and radios floated up through the darkness of the street. And just visible was the bright pattern of the factory airfield.

He was worrying again. Like a pendulum, his mood always swung between elation and depression. He was consumed with a terrible pride in and for this aircraft. But sometimes doubt crept in. He tried to sweep it away. His creation was proved, wasn't it? From a great conglomeration of mathematical formulae, the answer came out miraculously right. Yet doubt returned — an unwanted, meddlesome guest in this strange world of his, where art and mathematics joined together to produce a harmonious blending of adventurous endeavor and dull safety.

With an irritable shrug, he turned away and went back into the lounge.

In the Manningsham's house, supper had just been served when the telephone rang. Jean Manningsham raised her eyebrows and reached over for the receiver. "Hello," she said. And

then, making a half-humorous, half-exasperated face, "It's for you, darling. The airport."

It was maintenance. Manningsham wearily swept a hand over his hair. Yes, they still needed an aircraft. He made a rapid calculation. Gort would be leaving Ranjibad about now. Back tomorrow. Two days' rest — and then the check. "Monday," he said. "I want it for Monday."

He went back to the table, frowning. He answered in monosyllables for most of the meal. Another twenty-four hours of his few days' grace had run out. The Gort affair would have to be settled.

Gort. He could see him now. With his passengers and crew. The big square figure radiating an immense and yet humble satisfaction with his lot in life.

He put up his hand and touched his face. His right cheek-bone, just under the eye. That's where it always went white when he was strained. It was his danger signal. He had often seen Jean glancing at it.

"Darling." His wife made a little gesture towards him. "What are you thinking about?"

"About George."

"Oh." She looked relieved. "He's on service, isn't he? When's he back?"

"Tomorrow." He helped himself to fruit. "I thought we might have them around."

"Of course. Whenever you like. What day?"

"Monday," he said. "I want it to be Monday evening."

"All right." She poured the coffee, and passed him over a cup. "Soon as I've had my coffee, I'll give Charlotte a ring."

Charlotte answered the phone nervously. She had heard it ringing as she came up the last few steps. Odd, but it had

To page 63

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seemed to fill the flat with a strange quality of menace.

She fumbled with her key. She was frightened now that it would stop before she reached it. She had flung down her bag, switched on the lights, stretched out her hand, and then paused.

At last, with an impatient shrug at herself, she had lifted the receiver and said in a small, breathless voice. "Mayfair 9812." And then, in a sudden rush of warmth, "Oh, hello, Jean. Yes, this is Charlotte. I'd only this minute got back. A cocktail party. Oh, fun . . . yes. I left before it was finished, though. I'm glad now I did."

She glanced around the hall and through the open door of the lounge. She wondered why she had been restless all evening—why she had wanted to hurry home. Why the hot room and the chatter and the people had suddenly filled her with a sense of utter desolation. She was tired, of course. Aloud she said, "Yes, Monday would suit me fine. And I expect it will be all right for Father. I'm sure it will. He'll look forward to it. So shall I."

Half a mile away, glancing at the diamante watch on her wrist, Joyce Mitchell said, "It's early yet, Clive. Not eleven. Jennifer's on service. Come on in and have a drink."

Judd smiled. This was only the second time he had gone out with this girl in London. But he must say they got on very well. She was already opening the door to her flat. When she switched on the lamp everything was soft, deep pink, discreet, and inviting.

"Very homelike," Judd said, appreciatively settling down in the only armchair. "Very comfortable!"

Eighteen miles west the

Continuing . . . CONE OF SILENCE

from page 61

a sharp pull; a clattering filled the court as something darkened even further the top of the window. "Blinds! Blinds, My Lord! Sun-blinds!"

A murmur of subdued amusement round the room registered the great man's words, at which he turned immediately away from the window and gravely glared.

He thrust the acorn from him and returned, his head on



his breast, to the centre of the court, below the high wooden dais at which the Commissioner—this time Sir Christopher Larch, Q.C.,—sat with his two new assessors. Softly, softly, Sir Arnold said, "Mr. Commissioner . . . this is a sad occasion."

"It is indeed, Sir Arnold."

"I am . . . We all must be, I feel sure . . . a mass of conflicting emotions. You will understand, sir, my feelings, my memories—that within such a short space of time fate should involve me in two disasters of such . . . similarity."

"I understand."

"You will appreciate that my reference to the sun-blinds was intended as an illustration to show what had been done in the meantime . . . what the long sessions that took place here in June actually achieved. It is not my position . . . it is not indeed the Court's position . . . to apportion guilt. In a disaster of this magnitude, even to allocate blame is an onerous, an unhappy responsibility."

"Mr. Commissioner"—and Sir Arnold bowed—"the company which I again have the honor to represent has suffered grievously. The name of the aircraft that for years they strove to perfect has been bannered across the papers of the world with the most tragic connotations. You will readily see that these two misfortunes have been a bitter blow to their world-wide sales programme, part of that desperate struggle for world markets, on the success of which not only they, but you and I, sir, everyone in this court, everyone in these overcrowded British Isles depend. Though set back, immeasurably impeded, they will not give up. They will renew their efforts. But one thing, for their sake and ours—"

Sir Arnold paused—"I would say we are all busy men, and the world will not wait. The last inquiry dragged on for over two weeks. The similarities between the two accidents are so marked that may I hopefully suggest that this time the pro-

ceedings perhaps can be terminated considerably sooner?"

The Commissioner cleared his throat. "I think that may be possible. We already are clear from yesterday's proceedings that the weather conditions do not enter into it, that the crew and the aircraft were properly certificated, that the Phoenix was properly loaded, and all the papers were in order. There remains only to be investigated . . . as far as we can see . . . the possibility of mechanical failure on the part of the aircraft, or human failure on the part of the crew."

"That is the way I see it, too. And you will understand that, for obvious reasons, I cannot categorically prove . . . as I did last time . . . that there was no mechanical failure on Phoenix Victor Mike?"

"That is appreciated."

"Thank you. And now"—Sir Arnold turned to face the body of the court—"with your kind permission, I would first wish to call Mr. Robinson, the station manager at Ranjibad."

Mr. Robinson, dapper in a new worsted suit, his black hair neatly brushed over his forehead, came forward to take the oath and to sit at the chair by the long table. His large brown eyes regarded the Queen's Counsel solemnly as Sir Arnold began: "Now, sir, in your official capacity you have watched many Phoenix take-offs from Ranjibad?"

"I have . . . yes."

"By all the Phoenix pilots?"

"Not all of them . . ."

"But a good many of them?"

"Yes."

"And did you, sir, notice any peculiarity of Captain Gort's technique on take-off?"

"He seemed to lift the nose-wheel off sooner than the others . . . and his attitude at the

end of the run appeared more tail down."

"Thank you, sir. Now, did you watch this particular take-off?"

"Yes."

"You were standing beside operations, as usual?"

"Yes."

"And it seemed to you that the same nose-high technique was again employed?"

"Yes."

"Did the aircraft appear to leave the ground?"

"It did not seem to. It carried on to the end of the runway, and then—"

"Yes . . . yes. With the nose still high in the air?"

"Yes."

"You could still hear as loud as ever the high whining engine note at take-off power?"

"Oh, yes! Just the same as usual."

"Thank you, Mr. Robinson." Sir Arnold gave him a short, smiling nod. "That is all, sir."

When the station manager had left, Sir Arnold addressed the Commissioner: "Sir, I do not know whether at this stage my learned friend, Mr. Moss, who represents the British Empire Airways, would like to question the fire and rescue services—"

A middle-aged man stood and said, "Sir, we have nothing but the highest praise for those services. Two fire tenders were at the scene within twenty-nine seconds of the crash."

The Commissioner leaned forward over his desk. "The aircraft was already on fire by that time?"

"Yes, sir. Fifteen hundred pounds of foam extinguisher and two thousand gallons of water—the full capacities of both tenders—were emptied

To page 64

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Continuing . . . CONE OF SILENCE

from page 63

on the centre of the conflagration.

"Did the fire die down?"
"Yes, at first. Then, as the firemen were attacking the fuselage the flames leapt up again."
"So they could do nothing but wait for the City Fire Brigade?"

"That is so. Three fire engines arrived at the same time as eight ambulances from the General Hospital."

"The fire was then extinguished?"

"Yes, sir, eventually. But—and he paused, took his eyes away from the dais—it had been burning by that time fiercely for fifty minutes."

"You are quite satisfied that the fire services did their duty? That everything was done?"

"Everything. With your kind permission the airline would wish their appreciation of the courage and determination of all the rescue services to go on the record of this court."

"That shall be done."

"If it had been humanly possible, the company are convinced that the airport fire services would have managed to save at least some souls from the crashed aircraft." He paused. "My learned friend Sir Arnold Hobbes has already expressed his own and Atlas Aviation's heartfelt sympathy with the relatives of those on board, passengers and crew, all of whom lost their lives. That sympathy I myself and the British Empire Airways deeply wish to be associated with."

"I and my assessors also, Mr. Moss. The whole court, I'm sure."

Silence—for the first time that morning there was complete silence. Though nearly a hundred people were in the oak-panelled courtroom, there was not a sound.

And then the Commissioner, as though it was his duty—his leader here—to call them all back from the past to the present, said quietly, "Sir Arnold . . . please proceed."

Sir Arnold Hobbes looked up from the notes and papers on the table. "Sir . . . it had been my intention at this stage to call Captain Manningham, the fleet superintendent. But, unfortunately, that is not possible. Captain Manningham is ill. Captain Manningham has suffered a breakdown . . . a complete nervous breakdown. I do not deny that I have several questions I would have liked to put to him in cross-examination, but, as it is, I have no option but to call Captain Dallas instead."

From the back of the court Dallas came down to sit at the witness' chair by the table.

He folded his arms, nodded at the pilot assessor, whom he knew, and waited.

Sir Arnold was conferring with Atlas Aviation representatives, one of whom was the designer, Nigel Pickering. For minutes he went on talking, keeping Dallas isolated, with all eyes upon him, till the Commissioner said, "Sir Arnold . . . the Court is waiting."

"Sir, I was unaware of the witness."

Sir Arnold advanced to the table, pursed his lips, tapped the surface with a pencil, smiled. And after the pilot had been sworn in he said:

"Captain Dallas and I know each other, do we not?"
"We do . . . yes."

SIR ARNOLD put the tips of his fingers on the table and leaned towards the pilot. "Now, Captain, you will remember that on the occasion of our last meeting in this very courtroom you expressed a categorical opinion that the Phoenix was the most technically reliable aircraft you had flown?"

"Yes."
"Since that short time ago, I may take it that your opinion remains unchanged?"

"Basically . . . yes."

"Thank you, Captain. Now you will agree I am sure that the crash of Victor Mike bears a remarkable resemblance to the crash of Victor Fox?"

"There are certain similarities."

"Certain similarities?" Sir Arnold's eyebrow climbed up towards his white hair in surprise. "Both were on the same runway. Both were at full load. Both were on a hot night. Both were piloted by Captain Gort. Surely you mean remarkable similarities?"

"I have already said what I mean."

"Yes . . . yes! Of course . . . of course! Certainly the difference that everyone can see . . . and which adds so much to our problems here . . . is that Victor Fox remained for the most part intact and we could therefore prove that there was no mechanical failure. Victor Mike was unfortunately burnt out, and no such proof is possible. But bearing in mind Mr. Robinson's testimony—"

"I would like to point out that aircraft attitude is deceptive on a dark night."

"But you will also recall that the noise of the engines did not change?"

"I doubt if there would be any noise differential in the event of jet failure, anyway."

"Oh . . . oh, I see." Sir Arnold seemed slightly disappointed. "Well . . . of course you're the expert, Captain. We must always remember that! Shall we bear in mind then only those certain similarities I mentioned earlier and deduce from them that a similar cause to the two accidents might be assumed as probable?"

"In the case of Victor Mike, I don't see that you can assume anything. We just don't know what happened."

"Yes . . . yes, I do agree with you. But we are here . . . are we not? . . . to try to lead up to the present unknown cause of the accident along paths where we do know what happened. So shall we go back to the beginning, to the point where after the first accident Captain Manningham asked you to check Captain Gort out on the Phoenix. I am handicapped a little by not having Captain Manningham available for testimony . . . but that's right, isn't it?"

"Yes . . . that's right."
"Now am I also right in saying that Captain Manningham was involved in a bad accident a number of years ago . . . and after it he did no more flying as a pilot?"

"Yes."

"Now . . . of course it wasn't anything to do with you officially . . . but privately didn't you think it would have been wiser to have taken Captain Gort off flying also?"

"I don't see why. Most pilots have an incident . . . though not usually so serious . . . in the course of their working lives of thirty years. If they want to go on flying, and are checked out as competent—"

"But Captain Manningham did no more flying."

"Captain Manningham was badly burned."

"I see." Sir Arnold paused. "So when he asked you to check out Captain Gort, it was normal company practice?"

"Unless a pilot has been specifically taken off that type of aircraft . . . it's usual."

"Only the board or the fleet superintendent can take a pilot off the type?"

"That's right."

"Did Captain Manningham ask your opinion as to whether Captain Gort should be taken off the Phoenix?"

"We had a discussion. It was agreed in the end the fairest way was to give him a check."

"You're the only training captain on the Phoenix?"

"Yes."

"There would be no question

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of Captain Gort being checked out by anyone else?"

"No."

"It seems a big responsibility . . . but of course your judgment is completely trusted by the company?"

"I think so. If they didn't trust me, they wouldn't . . ."

"—ask you to take on such responsibility. No, of course they wouldn't! You're the only pilot doing checks, and if Captain Manningham had asked someone else to do the check everyone would have thought . . . including yourself . . . that he didn't trust your judgment. But of course nothing like that entered into it at all?"

"No . . . not at all."

"Shall we move on to the check itself?" Sir Arnold thoughtfully chewed his lower lip. "Do you know something, Captain? It may well be my ignorance on these things . . . but something very odd strikes me about that check."

Dallas said guardedly: "What's that?"

"Captain Gort did far better on that check than on the check you gave him at the end of his Phoenix training. Why would that be?"

"He had more experience on the aircraft. And he was on form."

"On form? That's new to me, Captain! I didn't know pilot performance varies."

"In the actual flying of the aeroplane, within certain limits . . . yes. That doesn't mean that sometimes he's safe and sometimes he isn't. All it means is that sometimes his co-ordination appears better, so that the actual movements of the controls are smoother. And his brain is working clearer and faster. I imagine the same sort of thing happens in nearly every job."

"But surely, Captain, this variation must make it very difficult for you to assess a pilot's skill?"

Dallas shrugged his shoulders. "Other things enter into it, apart from form. Nervousness, for instance. Most people hate being checked. You learn to make allowances. The point of a check is to ensure that the pilot is competent on the type and knows his procedures."

"And of course, to ensure that he's safe?"

"That goes without saying."

"But if you don't mind, Captain—Sir Arnold gave a slight smile—for the record . . . I want it said. Would you agree then that the point of a check is for the expert . . . the trusted company expert . . . to ensure that the pilot is competent on the type, knows his procedures, and is safe?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, Captain. Well, certainly the check itself . . . I have it here"—he lifted a sheet from his notes—"is very thorough. Sixty-five items . . . take-off, instrument flying, simulated emergencies, and so on . . . have to be commented on. But this pilot had been responsible for a bad crash on take-off. Weren't you, Captain, somewhat apprehensive that . . . no matter how good his take-off on this check . . . sometime in the future he might do the same again?"

"I was quite certain he would not."

"How could you be so certain?"

"A pilot involved in an accident through a flying error never makes that same mistake again."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. The impact of it is so considerable on his conscious and sub-conscious. That's what makes me . . . now . . . suspicious of whether after all the findings of the last inquiry were correct."

"But, Captain, what other findings could there possibly be but pilot error on take-off?"

"I don't know. But I do know the take-off is a critical period on a Phoenix. It takes a lot of runway. Then there's

Continuing . . . CONE OF SILENCE

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a margin of 20 per cent. or more between the unstuck speed and the stall on a piston-engined aircraft. As far as I know, there's a good deal less than that on the Phoenix, some of which may well be absorbed in wind gusts, instrument and weight errors . . . with consequent loss of lift on take-off."

"You mean that there aren't the same safety margins on take-off?"

"No . . . there aren't."

"Have you any idea, Captain, how many safe Phoenix take-offs there have been?"

"I don't know exactly. A great many, I should imagine."

"Over ten thousand! If there was any real trouble with the Phoenix take-off, don't you think it would have manifested itself more often?"

"You'd think so, I know. All the same, I've been investigating and it may be significant that . . . in British Empire Airways anyway . . . the only two take-offs at that full weight and that very high temperature in conditions of near zero wind both resulted in crashes."

"But the manufacturers will have done . . . as part of their exhaustive tests . . . many take-off tests at every possible combination of weight and temperature!"

"I don't know. Have they?"

But Sir Arnold did not appear to hear the question. On he went with: "And, Captain . . . if, as you say, there is not so much safety margin on the Phoenix, wouldn't it be advisable to have only men at the prime of their piloting life flying the aircraft?"

"Where the prime of a pilot's life occurs alters with the individual."

"But Captain Gort was fifty-one?"

"He was young for his age. He was very fit. There was nothing wrong with his reflexes. And there was one occasion when his strength undoubtedly saved—"

Sir Arnold said swiftly, "Captain . . . this check. Your remarks were very laudatory."

"Captain Gort flew faultlessly. Completely in accordance with the book."

"You had confidence in his Phoenix flying?"

"I had complete confidence in him."

"And as the company's trusted expert . . . you gave it as your considered opinion that Captain Gort was quite safe to go back on the route?"

"Yes."

"That opinion the company did not, of course, question?"

"No."

"In the same way as you had complete confidence in Captain Gort, they had complete confidence in you?"

"Yes."

"Thank you . . . thank you, Captain. That is all." Sir Arnold waved his notes, gave Dallas a nod and a friendly smile as he left the witness chair. Then, left alone now, watched by all eyes: thin, white-topped, the left elbow crooked at an acute angle, his long fingers playing a delicate, an inaudible tune on his chin.

"With your kind permission," he said at last, turning to the Commissioner, "I wish to call Captain Judd."

From his seat in the centre Judd rose. He walked over to the vacant chair—upright, dignified, solemn-faced. He made a slight little bow to the Commissioner—no other witness had done that—carefully lifted the creases of his trousers an inch or two, and after taking the oath settled himself down and looked expectant.

"Now, Captain . . . I won't keep you long. Captain Dallas has already given us the benefit

of his expert opinions. But, to hark back if I may to the question of whether Captain Gort as a pilot was safe to go back on the route. Did Captain Manningham ask your opinion before getting Captain Dallas . . . the training captain . . . to check him?"

"No, but—"

"I believe that you didn't altogether agree that he should?"

"I did think . . . just a private opinion . . . that perhaps he was—"

"A little too old? Anno Domini, Captain?" A wistful smile full of acceptance for the inevitability of time crept over Sir Arnold's face. "Something

sec. Captain Gort hit the hedge coming in to land at Calcutta."

An immediate stir, a rustling and a talking went through the whole court. Sir Arnold, still in the centre of the stage, stood quite still, his head bowed—waiting, it seemed, patiently for the excitement to die away. And then, lifting up his head, he said, "Now when you returned . . . I take it that you asked the company to give Captain Gort another official training check?"

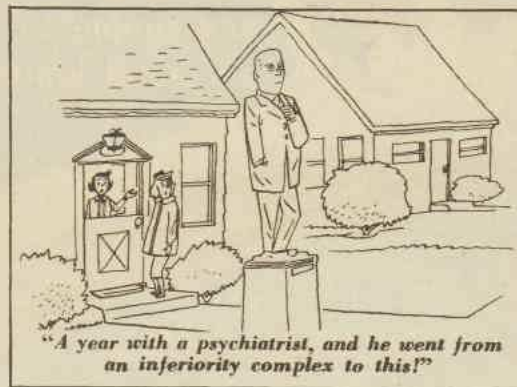
"Yes . . . I did."

"And they agreed?"

"Yes."

"How did it come about, then, that he wasn't checked before going back on the route?"

"No aircraft were immedi-



we can do nothing about. Now, the Phoenix is a wonderful machine, is it not?"

"A beautiful aircraft . . . yes."

"And it has a magnificent serviceability record?"

"Magnificent."

"You have never had any trouble with the Phoenix on take-off?"

"Never."

"Apart from these two occasions, have you heard of anybody who has?"

"No."

"But you would agree, I think, that a wonderful new aircraft needs picked 'new' pilots, if you see what I mean. Being so modern itself, the Phoenix needs a bit more handling than its grandfather, the piston-engined aircraft?"

"Yes . . . I'd agree to that."

"So perhaps you were surprised when a . . . mature man like Captain Gort came back to the line after his crash in May."

"I must admit I didn't expect him to return."

"But you could do nothing. It wasn't your pigeon, was it?"

"No."

"However, shortly after he came back you instituted a system of route checking for the pilots. And I believe on your first route check you checked Captain Gort?"

"Yes."

"And you found him, I expect, as Captain Dallas had done, perfectly satisfactory, perfectly safe to fly the Phoenix?"

Judd hesitated; bent his fair head; put his hand up to his mouth. "Well—"

"Yes, Captain?"

"It's very much a matter of opinion."

"I realise that. We all realise that. But since you did not write a report . . . I must ask if anything happened to confirm your belief that picked men . . . only picked 'new' men should fly the Phoenix?"

"Captain Gort came in a bit low at Calcutta."

"A bit low? Does that mean dangerously low?"

"I think . . . I think his wheels must have just brushed the top of the hedge, for there were some pieces—"

"Yes . . . yes! I see. We all

Judd said nothing.

"Captain . . . I must ask you please to answer my questions. Now Captain Dallas, the trusted company expert, their only Phoenix training expert, was going to be asked to do this most important check, of course?"

Again Judd kept silent, till Sir Arnold began impatiently, "Captain . . . I do not want to request Mr. Commissioner—"

Then the pilot opened his mouth and spoke, "Not Captain Dallas. Captain Bateson."

There was no stir this time. Nobody spoke. Nobody moved.

The hush in the courtroom now matched the continuous soft inevitability of the drizzling rain outside.

"Captain Judd . . . thank you." Slower than ever, the words came drawing out: "I . . . am . . . obliged."

She was there. Just as he had known she would be. Sitting at the same table in the cafeteria. Hands folded on her lap, head down, staring at the full untouched cup in front of her. She must have heard his footsteps as he crossed the linoleum floor. But she did not look up.

Dallas stood for a moment, his hand on the chair opposite to her. Then he pulled it out, making a great scraping noise that seemed to echo through the empty place. When he sat down, she glanced across at him, twitched her mouth into a small mechanical smile and said, "Well?"

"I'll just go and get myself a cup," he said quickly, uncertain now how to start with her. "I wasn't sure if it was you. I thought I'd—"

"All right, you get a cup. I'd been hoping to see you."

When he came back she fumbled with the sandwiches and cakes and tea—he wanted none of them—so that he spilled some of the liquid in the saucer. He was acting like she should have been, he thought wryly, glancing across at her, surprising a sudden look, almost of sympathy.

She gave him a few seconds to settle himself down. He could almost see her timing him. Then she said in a flat impersonal voice, "How is it going?"

He played for time, "You're not going? Not at all?"

"No."

"It's difficult to explain." He sipped his tea, reached for a sandwich, unwrapped it, trying to order his mind so that it might escape giving the inevitable answer to the inevitable question.

"I don't want it explaining. I just want to know who . . ."

With her pointed nail, she chased a grain of sugar around the table-top. The skin of her face seemed to have gone slack and grey and old, but her bright red mouth shaped the words clearly enough, " . . . they will blame. This time."

"I don't know. The findings won't be out for weeks."

"You do know. You can tell."

"Not for certain. You never know really with these things . . ."

"You knew before. Remember? Here. This very table." She looked at him with a defiant cruelty. The greenish eyes held a curious mixture of pain and anger. As though under the goad of intense agony, they intended to exact the maximum penalty from him. "You were right then. You'd probably be right now. Anyway"—her voice became shriller, more imperious—"tell me what you think."

"Charlotte." He rested his head on his hands. "I can't think straight yet. I just don't know."

And when he looked up, she had changed again. Her face was composed and gentle. She seemed to have retreated from him on to some cold pinnacle of dignity and pain.

"I'm sorry." She began to drink her tea. "It's been pretty awful for you, too." She looked at her watch. "I'm sorry I asked. But I couldn't go to myself. You understand. And I—"

"Charlotte, of course I understand." He put out his hand and tried to touch her, but she had begun to look for her bag on the floor beside her. "Charlotte, my dear—"

She glanced up at him, as though startled by his tone. The cold clear light from the window fell full on her face. He was shocked at the deep hollows under her eyes, the lack of life and color in her face.

"Look." He stood up suddenly. "I'm going to take you home. I want to talk to you. And I can't do it here."

She looked around, pointing at his untouched food as though that and that alone was of importance. "Come along," he said.

And obediently she got up and followed him.

Outside, the rush hour had started. The pavement was full of hurrying dark figures. Buses lumbered and hissed past slowly

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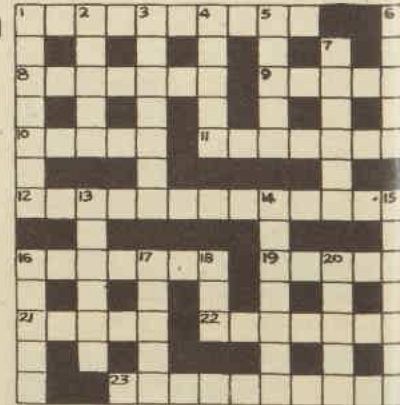
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. First stir a Baltic city to get this bird (10).
8. Cooked and badly set in a road (7).
9. A bath in Germany contains whatever may be an object of thought (5).
10. Genus of palms in a race (5).
11. This patriarch could easily acquire a nice tan (7).
12. Mechanics presented in ringed verse (6-7).
16. Sad name for Bacchantes (7).
19. German seaport which reached as far as the Cocos Islands but could not go further because of Sydney (5).
21. Reigning house getting its name from the grandfather of Henry VII (5).
22. A lady's maid (7).
23. Offspring with a song about the end (10).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Drinking place with fury in a dam (7).
2. Deadly nightshade in which the law turns (5).
3. In a rent (Anagr. 7).
4. In aid of an Asian country (5).
5. This is a clown (5).
6. It falls, the contrary of it breaks (5).
7. Ancient galley which was full of ire and still is (6).
13. Covetous Edward with grey covering (6).
14. From Spain or from Portugal (7).
15. Garment which may glisten (7).
16. Joint for a bishop (5).
17. Consent with a rank (5).
18. Watering place in Spain (3).
20. Stage play (5).



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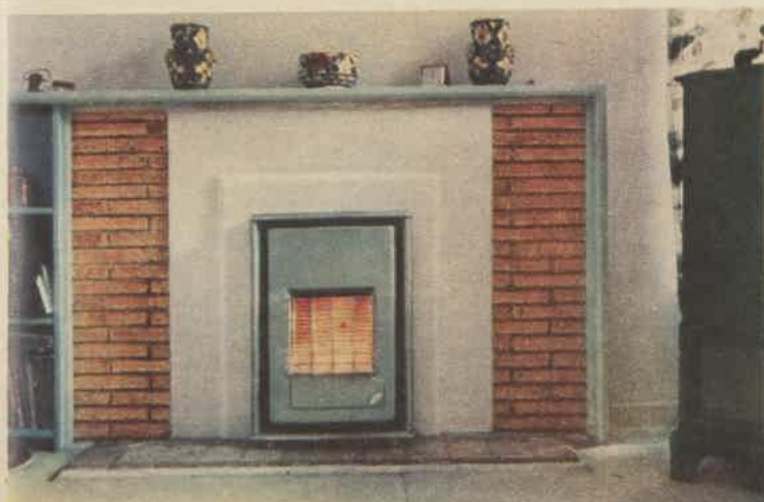


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NG/RH2



in the thickening traffic. Lights spilled blotchily on the wet road. The air seemed full of cold and damp, and the insistent lonely sound of aimless hurrying.

"Let's walk," she said suddenly. "Would you mind if we walked?" Her voice was high. And then almost pleadingly, "Just for a little while."

He looked down at her. The wind was flapping her yellow scarf against her cheeks. She was huddled inside her coat. All the same, he could see that she was shivering. "I don't want to get a taxi home. Not from here." Just for a moment she put her arm inside his, almost without thinking. "Silly of me."

At the other side of the road, as though now she had become aware of it, she dropped her arm. They turned down Northumberland Avenue. It was quieter. For a few minutes they walked along in silence. He took the rough direction of Mayfair, and she kept in step with him, turning when he did, crossing the road beside him.

At last, without glancing sideways, she said, "Now tell me. Tell me what happened. Exactly. I'm all right now." She gave a small nervous toss of her head. Apart from that, staring at her carefully, Dallas saw the same quiet composure on her face, just as usual.

His mind began to form the routine phrases. Well, of course, what's going to happen is anybody's guess. No. She'd say and what's your guess?

Perhaps so far I wouldn't like to say . . . this time, they can't prove there was no mechanical failure.

Oh, what did he say? He licked his dry lips. He thought he had the right sentences. Silently, he said them to himself: "At this stage, Charlotte, it's quite impossible to tell. Too technical to explain to you, but the fact is, I'm hoping this time—"

And afterwards, in a week or so, when she was feeling less grief-stricken, someone she knew in the company—Manningham if he was better—would tell her. She'd be able to take it then.

Their rhythmic footsteps chimed the seconds. They moved down Piccadilly. She seemed unaware of the silence between them. She did not prompt him. She did not help him. They were passing St. James' Park. And then it came to him quite suddenly. He didn't attempt to analyse why. But what ever Charlotte had to be told would come from him, and whatever she faced must be with him.

He touched her arm, and taking hold of it pulled her down beside him on to one of the seats. The metal was wet. The green arm-rests dripped on to the sodden ground.

He covered her hand with his. "I think they'll blame him again," he said. And the words seemed to go on echoing in the dark air around them.

He tried to make them less stark, less awful. "Things . . . well, things went rather unexpectedly." Remembering Judd's cross-examination by Sir Arnold Hobbes, his mind was filled again with dull anger. "They're trying to prove that the company itself was uncertain whether he was . . . safe to go back on the Phoenix route."

She still said nothing. He began to wonder whether, after all, he had spoken aloud. And then she got up. She pretended to be absorbed in fastening the top button of her coat.

"Thank you," she said. With an odd bright smile, she looked at her watch. "I must be going now."

"Charlotte!" He stood up, and tried to put his arm around her. She moved away, walking back towards the road.

"I wonder if there's a cab . . . can you see one?" She stood on tiptoe. The high, brittle voice was back again.

Continuing . . . CONE OF SILENCE

[from page 66]

On either side of them the stream of people flowed homewards. "There's one! No, it isn't. Rush hour . . . oh, dear! Awful, isn't it?"

"Charlotte . . . look! Let me try to explain. Please." And taking her arm tightly, "I'm coming home with you."

"No, you're not. I don't want you to explain." Her voice was low and breathless, back to normal again. In quite a matter-of-a-fact tone, she went on, "I'd like you to go now. I don't think I want to see you again."

"I'm not leaving you by yourself."

"I'm not going to be by myself. Jean Manningham's coming. We're driving down to her house."

She suddenly saw a taxi and waved frantically. "Oh, good!" She seemed relieved out of all proportion that it had come. "Goodbye, now." She tried to give him her hand. "It was nice of you . . . really, I do see that, only—"

"I'll phone you." "Quiggan Square, No. 2, Quiggan Square," she said to the driver, in something of the same imperious way as her father. And then, not looking back at Dallas: "It's off Cavanagh Crescent. I'll show you where to turn."

The door slammed. The taxi moved away.

As the Phoenix came closer to the coastline, the sandy desert round Ranjibad glittered up into his eyes. Down there, it would be cooler now—despite the sunshine, despite the cloudless sky. The hot drizzle had moved south. For the province of Sind, the monsoon was over.

Dallas gently eased the nose down farther. Through the windscreen in front of him, he could just see the city: a huddle of yellow houses and tall towers. And beyond it, to the east, the great grey cross made by the two intersecting runways of the airport.

His face to the other three men in the cockpit remained the same efficient mask. His eyes stared ahead—looking out for other aircraft, studying the best way to descend. But behind this glazing that his job demanded was the same ache that had been there since the second Phoenix crash. His mouth was tighter; not quite so full, not quite so confident, the flesh round his lips compressed, holding back perhaps the unspoken emotion that he felt behind them.

There was inside him still a dull hopelessness that weighed him down, making even the automatic movements of his hands and feet on the controls seem tiring and tiresome to him. His grief was crystallised into a hard numbness, as though his mind was overwhelmed by the crying out of the mourning of so many people, the dry sadness he had seen in Charlotte Gort's eyes repeated in so many homes all over England.

That he might have been in part responsible remained a gnawing reproach to him; and in his distress interminably he had examined his reasons for allowing Gort to go back on the route. The shock of discovering at the inquiry the company's apparent distrust of him as the training captain had begun now to make him have doubts of his own judgment. Afterwards, he had gone for Judd bitterly: Judd who sat now, with Manningham gone, where he had always wanted to sit, in the fleet superintendent's chair. Why wasn't he told that Bateson was going to do the second check on Gort?

Blandly, the beady eyes regarded him. Blandly, he was informed that there wasn't time before the accident—and afterwards, the best thing to do was to hush it up. How could they

have known that Sir Arnold Hobbes would use it as such damning proof of the company's own unsureness that Gort was safe to go back on the Route after the first accident? And then Judd's final remark: "I did my best," implying not only his impeccable behaviour under oath at the inquiry but his many efforts beforehand, I told-you-so was never actually uttered, but it rang round the room like the tolling of a bell for the dead.

"Do you want the field approach check, sir?"

"The field approach check?" He turned his head to look at the first officer beside him. "Might as well . . . yes."

Lower now, he circled the airfield. It was the same sort of glorious sweep there had always been on a Phoenix. Just



as expertly as ever before, he performed his checks, kept the Phoenix steady and level as he glided down to the runway, touched down just as smoothly. But there was not the triumph taxiing up to the ramp that there had been.

There were only a few people in the public enclosure. The ground crew were there, certainly; but they did not come running. The bowser lumbered towards them when the jets were stopped. The passengers disembarked. Mr. Robinson stood in the shade of the operations room, waiting for him.

"Good trip, Captain?" The same sing-song voice, polite as ever.

"Not bad," Dallas said. "Delayed at London. Waiting for the aircraft to come off a 40-hour check. This shortage of aircraft—"

There was a silence. It was as though the station manager, an ally in this endeavor, had no more encouragement to offer; he had already done all he could with his models, his window displays, his salesmanship. For a moment, the ghosts of Victor Fox and Victor Mike seemed joylessly to flash between them—to disappear again immediately into nothing, for that was the past, and this was the present, and there was the future to think of. Together, they walked into operations, where Dallas was greeted by Creighton, and the serviceability of the aircraft was inquired after.

Behind Creighton's body, bending over the flight plan, was Braddock. Dallas nodded, and received a wry grin back. He said, "So this is how they're keeping you employed, eh?"

"Yep. Still bashing round the route as third pilot."

"Well, it's better than doing nothing."

"I am doing nothing."

"Surely you're doing some flying?" Braddock shook his head. "Just sit and watch . . . that's all."

Dallas searched his mind for some hope to offer. "We should get an aircraft to finish your training—"

"When?"

"Oh . . . some day."

"Some day!" Dallas smiled as the Australian looked up at the roof. Then he went out with Mr. Robinson to sign his incoming papers.

His crew disappeared in the crew car to the Imperial Hotel, but Dallas stayed behind. He watched Creighton take off. And then, going to the manager's office, where Mr. Robinson was now working on receipts and future bookings, he said, "Do you mind if I go over there . . . to have a look?"

Mr. Robinson's sad brown eyes regarded him with complete understanding. "Of course not, Captain. I'll just get permission from control . . . then I'll take you in my car."

No, there was no aircraft expected. Certainly they could go. Side by side in a small car, the pilot and the station manager crawled round the perimeter track.

Dallas said, "I'm not entirely satisfied, you know."

"Satisfied, Captain?"

"About the accident, I mean. Somehow . . . I don't altogether believe it was Captain Gort's fault."

Politely, unhappily, incredulously: "No?"

"No."

The tyres made that curious squealing noise against the tarmac. The conversation in the car flagged. Dallas was conscious, in all that bright sunshine, of the black face and the sequinned numbers of the manager's watch, strung on its silver strap around his hairless wrist. Around them moved a landscape of sand, red ground, rock, and dry grass. Beyond, to the north, was the slow up-and-down line of the Baluchistan hills.

The car slowed and stopped. Just ahead of them, the thin hot tributary of the taxi-track flowed into the river of the main runway.

Mr. Robinson made a business of reaching for the hand-brake. "Here we are, Captain."

Dallas got out. Followed by the station manager, he walked slowly into the middle of the runway, and stood there, staring down at that grey emptiness that stretched, flat and straight, for over a mile in front of him. As always on a runway, he had a sense of having no right to be there: as though this was the property of the machines that came tearing down it, to lift themselves up just before where he was now standing, and launch themselves into their own element. Its size and width dwarfed him, its barrenness depressed him even further. He lowered his eyes, and saw the innumerable marks of tyres: two thick skid marks where some unknown pilot, worried by the close approach of the boundary, had jammed on his brakes and bequeathed to the tarmac these parallel lines of smudged rubber. Then he turned, unwilling to see it, knowing it was there behind him, the solitary wide tyre-track that led off the runway into a mixture of gravel and sand.

He walked over to where the boundary light, its thick red glass unit and lifeless, was sunk flush with the ground in its concrete socket. Mr. Robinson joined him. He pointed unnecessarily. "You can see the marks quite clearly, Captain."

"And the other marks. The tracks of the first accident?"

Mr. Robinson shrugged his

shoulders. "Oh, they've gone. They were never so clear. The rain—"

"Were they like these?"

"Very similar. Not so deep, perhaps. That time, of course, the aircraft stopped more quickly."

Dallas had started to move over into the no-man's-land beyond, but Mr. Robinson stayed where he was. Though there was pain on his face, mostly it was tiredness, a hopelessness that beset him, the Oriental fatalism and lethargy again attacking him, now that the Western side of his blood, this press on spirit which had promised so much, had ended here in this. He said, "It is the price—". And then he stopped, because he thought "of progress" was the wrong thing to say at present, and, anyway, Dallas was too far away to hear him.

The pilot was walking beside the rut made by Gort's starboard wheel. He kept his eyes down. A hard crust had formed on either side of this brown gutter. Stamped in it, he could see the familiar diamond-shaped tread of the Phoenix tyre, which abruptly disappeared three or four yards beyond the runway where Gort had apparently tried to stop. For the next eighteen yards the ruts became very deep, as at a high-speed skid the tyres dug deeper down. Then there was a huge gap in the hedge leading on to a narrow country road; and on the other side, a kind of sandy heath, covered with sparse thorny bushes, marram grass, and scrub.

Where Dallas stopped now the ground was black. There was desolation all around him. To the right was the rough stone outhouse which Gort's starboard wing had hit. It had crumbled, was half-shattered—though the tin roof was still on it. Nearby were houses and mud huts, and these were untouched; but at his feet Dallas could see small bits of metal, tiny pieces that glinted in the sun, some grimy nuts and bolts—fragments that had been left from the clearing away, waiting for burial in the soft sandy soil till the monsoon came next year. Dallas kicked the toe of his shoe into the indistinguishable greyness from which they came, while fifty yards away Mr. Robinson, still on the runway, stood watching him.

Dallas did not know what he expected to find here. It had all been made quite plain at the inquiry: where the brakes had gone on; how the aircraft had overshot the road; where the right wing had severed after collision with the outhouse. Yes, it was exactly as they had said. For a moment, he wondered who they were, these men who had been here before him. In his mind he could see them pointing, measuring with long tapes exact distances, photographing.

He still stood there, looking around him. Bending down, he picked up a piece, turned it round in his hand: just a jagged fragment of metal skin, which glinted in the sun as he moved it. He let it drop through his fingers, heard the soft plop it made on the ground. The numbness of his spirit seemed now to have invaded his conscious mind, so that wherever he looked there was only a meaningless desolation of dust and burned earth.

There was nothing here, nothing except the pathetic evidence stamped on the ground of a man striving to get airborne and failing, and then striving to stop before it was too late. And failing again. Whatever outlying causes and circumstances there might be beyond the black and white clarity of the inquiry, there was no evidence of them here.

He straightened. Without looking back, he started moving

away from it now, his footsteps muffled on the sand, loud on the road, getting closer to the still figure waiting for him.

The sound of his steps again went softer. He was back on the over-run of the runway, walking through the gap made by the aircraft, when for some reason he turned his eyes to the left and saw it growing there: a dead color, thorny, like coils of barbed wire swirling round and round, throttling what small life there was in the sparse growth of the hedge.

He walked over towards it. He took a shoot of it in his fingers, careful to avoid the thorns; and then, recognising it for sure, he pulled some out, bent it to and fro several times, to break the surprisingly sappy stalk. Taking it in his hands quickly he walked over to the station manager, and in a voice of subdued excitement said, "Look at this!"

Mr. Robinson looked. "That, Captain?"

"Yes. What is it . . . d'you know?"

Mr. Robinson knew. He knew it well, scholar that he was, but he was not interested. "Crestinatio perluccia. They call it Kriggi here."

"Common in India?"

"Very common."

"It would grow in . . . say Calcutta, then?" Dallas persisted.

"Calcutta? Oh, no, Captain. I shouldn't think so. Calcutta is green. A lot of rainfall." His face showed surprise at such questions. "Kriggi is a weed. A most troublesome kind of cactus weed." And then, as Dallas took out a handkerchief and started wrapping up his piece of vegetation, "Why, what's the matter, Captain?"

"Nothing. I just want it . . . that's all."

Dallas said no more. The two of them got back into the car. Behind the driving wheel again, Mr. Robinson accelerated away from the greyness behind them. "Did you find what you were looking for, Captain?"

"I don't know what I was looking for."

"Oh." The manager did not mention the only thing Dallas had seen fit to bring back from the scene of the accident, now stuffed away out of sight in his pocket. But as they curved round the perimeter towards operations, he did express in what he thought was a tight-lipped Western way the thin top layer of the feelings of his heart, to which Dallas responded in monosyllables.

The pilot took a taxi to the hotel. He slept there, not seeing his crew, for the ten hours that remained before his pickup to take the service on.

It was a quiet trip. Operationally, perfectly satisfactory, though the loads had dropped. The crew said very little. They had their jobs to do, and they did them, but the tragedy was still too close for the effects to have worn off. There was a subdued atmosphere. The usual Phoenix Fleet keenness had inevitably been dulled. Though they still believed in the aircraft, they were not now riding on the crest of the wave. They had, as all of them knew, to fight back again to the top, after this fearful setback. The accident was not mentioned, but it hung over their spirits all the time.

The only thing that was at all unusual in the remaining four days of their service was that Dallas, during the hectic busy refuelling half-hour at Calcutta, and in the teeth of the usual shortage of transport, had insisted on being driven to the end of the short runway.

There, while an astonished Indian driver waited and wondered, he had disappeared for ten minutes into the darkness of the middle of the night.

To be concluded

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 8, 1959

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F5193. — Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make quilted bed-jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. quilting, 2yds. 36in. plain material, 3yds. 4in. lace edging. Price 2/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 444 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Box 4466, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 44-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 4348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F4780. — Empire-line party dress designed with a prettily flared skirt and contrasting back panels. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and 1yds. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6.

F5192. — Two-piece suit styled with a slender skirt and Empire-line jumper-top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

F4941. — Glamorous floor-length debutante dress. The flattering bodice-top is finished with a small sleeve. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 9yds. 36in. material and 5yds. 36in. material for lining. Price 6/6.

F5191. — Small boy's romper suit. Sizes 1 to 2 years. Requires 1yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F5194. — Dress-and-jacket ensemble. The slender-line dress is sleeveless. The chic jacket is short cut. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F5192

F4780

F5191

F5194

F4941

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 923—GIRL'S TENNIS DRESS

Tennis dress, designed with an all-round pleated skirt, is obtainable cut out ready to make in no-iron white poplin or white pique. Sizes: Length 36in. for 10 years, 34 1/2; 38in. for 12 years, 39 1/2; 42in. for 14 years, 36 1/2; 44in. for 16 years, 37 1/2. Postage and registration 2/3 extra.

No. 924—LUNCHEON SET

The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a flower motif. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre and plate mats, 11in. by 15in.; small mats, 5in. by 5in.; matching serviettes, 11in. by 11in. Nine-piece set including 1 centre, 4 plate, and 4 small mats, 18/9. Postage and registration 1/9 extra. Thirteen-piece set including 1 centre, 6 plate, and 6 small mats, 22/9. Postage and registration 2/6 extra. Serviettes 1/9 each. Postage 4d. extra.

No. 926—BLOUSE

Tailored blouse with an attractive bow neckline is obtainable cut out ready to make in tulle. The color choice includes white, lemon, blue, and pink. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 35/3; 36 and 38in. bust 37/9. Postage and registration 2/3 extra.

No. 927—PINFOLD DRESS

American-styled pinfold dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in corduroy velveteen. The color choice includes pillar-box red, turquoise, junior-navy, and American Beauty. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 56/3; 36 and 38in. bust 58/9. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

924

926

927

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning April 6



ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21—APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. ★ Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Victory over obstacles.

★ What you wish to accomplish will meet with opposition from people who do not understand your point of view. Your imagination, desire for swift action are too bold for their limited outlook. This means you yourself must stand firm, possibly alone, in pioneering a new idea. Deal with each conflict as it arises, on pleasant terms with opponents.



TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21—MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. ★ Gambling colors, mauve, blue. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in finding yourself.

★ Are you really functioning in top gear, using all the talents, abilities you possess? Or have you got into a monotonous round of duties which give you little scope for developing new interests, a finer personality? If you examine the position, you are sure to find certain desires, hopes pushed aside by more pressing needs. Start to work on them.



GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21—JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. ★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in an outing.

★ Exploring a place you have never seen before is fun. You naturally belong to the town, but right now you grow braver over hills, beach, country. If young, fancy free, you could meet your future life partner on a little expedition with a group of young people. Older subjects cut corners on the job in order to spend more time seeking adventures.



CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22—JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. ★ Gambling colors, white, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck through one in authority.

★ Cultivate the boss, a parent, or the dowager who has social favors to bestow. Don't put on knepheads, but do show respect for grey hairs. You could be on the receiving end of something worth while. It is sound policy not to antagonize those who can wield influence for you. Your partner may benefit from an unexpected step up the ladder.



LEO

The Lion

JULY 23—AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. ★ Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in new horizons.

★ Visualise that new goal, then go for your life. You are a dynamic person; a wave of enthusiasm can carry you over. Whatever the wish of your heart, set to work to make it come true. When you have attained one objective, tackle something bigger. If a parent, much thought will go into the children's education.



VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. ★ Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a quiet corner.

★ If you've quarrelled with your best beloved and decide to forgive and forget. Or you discover an article of value or a sum of money on the footpath in front of you. An inspiration, the solution of a problem may occur to you while walking along the street. You will be more fortunate if you avoid crowds.



LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, brown. ★ Gambling colors, rose, black. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in teamwork.

★ One alone may not be able to swing an undertaking, but a group which pulls together may achieve the nearly impossible. Don't grieve if you must subordinate your own wishes, opinions to those of the majority. Provided you attain joint success, you should be ready to give and take. A little incident could make you sensitive to criticism; don't brood.



SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. ★ Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in routine pursuits.

★ That regular night at the theatre, that meeting which crops up according to schedule, a date with your girl-friend, a course of study to widen your knowledge will bring more enjoyment than sudden stunts. Some of you want to concentrate on your job. All this sounds dull, but it will steady your nerves in a quiet period between bursts of activity.



SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. ★ Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in party-going.

★ You're in great demand as a guest; you shine equally as a hostess. Some of you mix business and pleasure, contact influential people on a social occasion, with happy results. You may, at the urging of friends, take an interest in a new hobby. Some of you join a dancing class, an amateur theatre group, or a choral society.



CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 23—JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. ★ Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat. Luck in domestic improvements.

★ It won't be the amount of money you have to spend that's important but the sum total of brains, creative imagination, and hard work. There is joy in expressing your personality in your surroundings. If you have a garden, you'll be busy with seeds, plans, color schemes. Your sign has a green thumb; results should surpass expectations.



AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, pastels. ★ Gambling colors, turquoise, blue. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in a conversation.

★ At some gathering you will hear something to your advantage. Given a lead through a friend or acquaintance you follow up a suggestion with an important bearing on your future. Gossip, inside information can be useful, but check the facts before acting on it. A few of you are disillusioned about a person you are fond of.



PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, blue. ★ Gambling colors, blue, rose. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in finances.

★ The job-hunter clicks with a desirable opportunity. The ambitious seek a fatter pay envelope. Instead of being vague you come down to brass tacks. You're a go-getter who surprises friends, associates with a shrewd understanding of s.d.s. You might exchange possessions with a friend. If in love you help your beloved in his work.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



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JACKY'S DIARY

BY JACKY MENDELSON
AGE 3½



ADD VICE FOR CHILDREN:
WHEN YOU GO EYE SKATING YOUR NOSE GETS RED YOUR HANDS GET WHITE & YOUR LIPS GET BLUE.
SO YOU SHOULD GO SKATING OFTEN AS ITS VERY PATRIOTIC.
YOUR FRIEND JACKY.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



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You'll save pounds and pounds if you spend 2/6 a month on "Practical Householder," Australia's big Do-It-Yourself magazine. Packed with information on how to do those odd jobs round the house. It's on sale at all newsagents.

TEENA *by Lilla Terry*

BOY! THIS WIND IS SOMETHING!

K'LO GWENDOLYN, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE ROPE?

MY MOMMY TIED ME 'CAUSE I'M JUST A LITTLE GIRL AND SHE DOESN'T WANT THE WIM TO BLOW ME AWAY.

NOT WIM, WIND!! WINA/V - DUH!

PIPGY'S OUT THERE TRY'N'A TEACH GWENDOLYN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WIM AND WIND.

SHE SAID YOU TIED HER UP SO THE WIM WOULDN'T BLOW HER AWAY.

THAT'S RIGHT...

THREE TIMES THIS WEEK ALREADY SHE'S BEEN CARRIED AWAY BY A WHIM TO GO WANDERING OFF SOMEWHERE!

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and PRINCESS NARDA have travelled by spaceship to Magna, the greatest planet in the Galaxy of a Million Planets and home of the Emperor Magnon. His wife, Carola, is expecting a child, who will be named "Nardrake" after Mandrake and Narda. On an earlier visit to Magna they were respon-

sible for the marriage of the royal couple and have now been invited to join in the celebrations to honor the birth of Magoon's heir. The Emperor is quite certain that the baby will be a boy and has ordered everything in the vicinity of Magna dyed blue! A new constellation of stars will spell the name "Nardrake." NOW READ ON:

AMAZING, MAGNON, YOU'VE PAINTED THIS PLANET AND HALF THE UNIVERSE BLUE TO HONOR THE ARRIVAL OF YOUR SON.

MANDRAKE WILL RULE THE MILLION PLANETS AFTER ME. NOTHING IS TOO MUCH--

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RIGHT NOW, WITH GREAT TRACTION RAYS, MY SCIENTISTS ARE MOVING BLUE STARS TO FORM A NEW CONSTELLATION THAT WILL SPELL NARDRAKE FOR ALL TIME.

THERE WILL BE CELEBRATIONS ON A MILLION PLANETS FOR MY SON.

NEVER HAS THERE BEEN SUCH A PROUD EXPECTANT FATHER.

HIGHNESS--IT HAS HAPPENED!

I HAVE A SON! HOW IS MY WIFE? SPEAK!

ER--THE EMPRESS IS WELL AND THE BABY IS FINE, SIRE--BUT--

ER--GULP--YOU SEE, HIGHNESS--GULP--YOUR SON'S A GIRL.

A GIRL?!

TO BE CONTINUED

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AVA GARDNER plays Meira Davidson, the brandy-swilling Australian lass, who falls in love with Commander Towers, U.S.N. (Gregory Peck). "She said restlessly, 'I want to drink hard liquor, as you call it, before lunch, I've got a mouth like the bottom of the parrot's cage. You wouldn't want me to throw a fit in front of all your officers?'"



GREGORY PECK plays Commander Dwight Towers, U.S.N. of the USS Scorpion. "The American laughed, 'You're building up quite a reputation for me in these parts.' 'You're doing that for yourself,' she retorted, 'I'm doing all I can to whitewash you. I'm not going to say a word about you tearing off my bra.'"



TONY PERKINS plays Lt.-Commander Peter Halmer, of the R.A.N. "Peter mixed the drinks and took the tablets out of the red cartons. Mary said quietly, 'I've had a lovely time since we got married; thank you for everything, Peter.' He drew her to him and kissed her. 'I've had a grand time, too,' he said, 'Let's end on that.' They put the tablets in their mouths and drank."

NOTE!

Perhaps you may have already read this splendid novel "On The Beach" — below are substitute titles you may take as your first book instead, mention book required in margin of coupon.

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- "THE SCAPEGOAT" by Daphne Du Maurier

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